The Infinite Loops: DisneyKingdom Hearts Edition

By: Mr. Egret

When the computer holding the Multiverse experiences a serious error, the cast of Disney and Kingdom Hearts find are trapped in an infinite series of time loops. Shenanigans ensue. Part of the Infinite Loops setting from Spacebattles!

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Introduction

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Chapter 1

A/N: This is a compilation of snippets written in the universes depicted in various works owned by Disney, as part of a greater meta-fictional setting called "The Infinite Loops." Readers are encouraged to look up "The Infinite Loops" on TvTropes for a detailed explanation of the larger Looping multiverse as well as definitions for some of the terms used in the following snippets. None of the authors credited here claim ownershp of any intellectual properties written about below.

Snippets will be presented with the author's name at the top, followed by the snippet's number and any title the author chooses to give the snippet.

Chapter 1: Miscellaneous Snippets 1

MrEgret

The First Carrie Snippet:

Carrie White couldn't believe it. *She,* of all people, had been elected Prom Queen! Plus, Tommy Ross seemed to really like her! This was the best night of her life!

As she and Tommy ascended the stage to receive her prize, she happily toyed with the small mirror that her friend Minnie had given her. She knew that Tommy had a matching one hidden under his tux.

Really, Minnie was the one who made it all possible. After that *horrible* incident in the shower, Minnie was the only other student to comfort her, and she was her first friend in this school. She accepted her into her little circle of friends, and even introduced her to Tommy. Really, she owed everything to her. It was such a shame that she

couldn't make it to the prom. She would have to tell her all about it afterwards!

Carrie beamed at the assembled audience of students and faculty as she was crowned Queen of the Prom. Nothing could go wrong now!

In the back, hidden among the students, a boy with two tufts of hair sticking up off his head jumped, as his coat pocket vibrated. He furtively pulled out a walkie-talkie larger than the pocket, and hit the reply button. "Oswald here."

Outside, in the bushes, Minnie held a similar walkie-talkie. "This is Minnie. Has the pig blood dropped yet?"

"They just crowned her and Tommy King and Queen, so it'll be at any moment."

"I hope this works, Oz. I don't want to hurt her if she goes on a rampage."

"Relax. Those Physical Mirrors they're holding deflect any and all physical attacks. I'm pretty sure that pig's blood and a falling bucket qualify. Oh, hang on; I think it's starting!"

At that moment, hidden in the rafters, Chris Hargensen and Billy Nolan proceeded to dump their bucket of pig blood all over the Prom Couple.

Or tried to, at least.

When the blood came within five feet of Carrie and Tommy's head, the mirrors they were holding gleamed a bit too brightly to be caused by the lighting. Then, impossibly, the blood reversed course, and flew *upwards,* into the rafters. There was a shriek, and Chris fell from the rafters, bounced off of the force field being created by the Physical Mirrors, and fell into the crowd. There was a brief scuffle as the prom attendees tried to move away from her, as she was drenched in pig's blood.

Billy Nolan lay on the rafters, dazed from getting hit upside the head by the bucket, which fell upwards in a similar fashion.

Carrie was stunned. What was *she* doing here? She was banned from the prom, wasn't she?

And what was she doing, all covered in blood?

She looked at Tommy, hoping to find some answers. Unfortunately, he was as confused as she was.

As Chris staggered to her feet, and began to scream obscenities at the assembled company, Oswald opened the walkie-talkie to all channels. "Mickey, Donald, Goofy, now!"

Suddenly, three spotlights switched on, and several people flinched back from he unexpected glare. They then focused on the enraged Chris. Oswald put away the walkie talkie, and stepped forward into the spotlight. "Ladies and gentlemen, if I may have your attention? It falls to me to explain all that has transpired here!"

"WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!" Chris shrieked.

"I'm Oswald Lapin, a student of Ewen High, just like you. However! I have also been employed by the faculty to make sure that nothing goes wrong tonight, of all nights! And what you have done is utterly inexcusable!"

Then, in front of the entire class, he proceeded to grab the bucket int he rafters with Telekinesis, and hold it up before everyone. Carrie gasped. *He can use telekinesis?* she thought. *I thought that I was the only one. That's what Mom always told me...*

Tommy looked at Carrie worriedly. "You alright?" he asked. Carrie realized that she was still on stage, and nodded quickly. There would be time to explain later.

Chris looked at Oswald with terror written all over her face. "How?" she asked plaintively. "How are you-"

"Lifting this bucket with my mind?" Oswald replied. "It's actually not as uncommon as you'd might think. But we're not here to discuss me. We're here to discuss you. Now, why were you up in the rafters with a bucket of pig blood?"

"I...I..."

"Answer the question, miss."

Chris suddenly glared, and whirled on Carrie. "IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME!" she screamed hysterically. "I SHOULD BE ON THAT STAGE! I'M THE POPULAR ONE! NOT YOU! YOU'RE A FREAK! A *FREAK!"*

Carrie reeled as if she had been hit. Tears filled her eyes. "No...no, that's not true..." she whispered. Several of the students surrounding Chris and Oswald began to mutter among themselves.

Seeing that the situation was starting to deteriorate, Oswald then proceeded to telekinetically lift Chris like a rag doll. "Alright, miss. You want to do this the hard way, it seems. Very well. Let's see if a trip to the police station loosens your tongue."

He then marched out of the gymnasium, dragging Chris along like a balloon. He would have to trust in Mickey, Donald and Goofy to wrap up any loose ends.

After dropping Chris off at the police station, explaining what she had done, and presenting the bucket as evidence, Oswald made his way back to the school. He met up with Minnie, who was picking leaves out of her hair. "That's the last time I hide in the bushes during a Loop in the seventies,' she groused.

"How are things going in there?" Oswald asked. "I mean, the Physical Mirrors worked according to plan, but I didn't anticipate her falling out of the rafters like that."

"Well, Mickey, Donald and Goofy managed to calm her down, and it seems that the class is siding with her," Minnie replied. She sighed. "It's an improvement over the baseline, at least."

"Yeah, well, you take what you can get, with the Loops."

"But now, we have something even worse to deal with."

"And what's that?"

Minnie looked at Oswald, and he could see the fear written on her face. "How are we going to deal with her mother?" she asked.

For once, Oswald couldn't think of anything to say.

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krspaceT

The five Disney loopers had gathered around in a circle to debate the great question of what to do about Carrie's Mother, as Oswald was drawing a blank.

It wasn't like they were Logan or Anakin, they didn't like using murder as the answer to your problems.

Albeit this was a case even Batman might struggle a bit on, considering how...tolling dealing with her was.

"Well, we could just turn her into a newt" Donald started.

"...Donald, that would be an insult to Newts everywhere and when" Mickey pointed out

"Plus, that woman would probably get eaten by someone's dog, and poison it. Let's try not to mentally scar anyone" Oswald recalled a story he had heard once about Sakura Haruno, Dolores Umbridge and Fang the Boarhound that worried him.

Donald sighed at the fact he would not be practicing his transfiguration today.

"Well, I have a vial of concentrated liquid atheism we can inject into her and see if that does anything" Goofy offered up as the other loopers (Bar Mickey) just looked at him in confusion, Mickey just flinched.

"Liquid ath...that doesn't make any sense. Atheism is a viewpoint on religion, not a sports drink or a chemical" Oswald stated in confusion as Mickey spoke up.

"Goofy got that bottle from a variant loop I don't really like to think about that much" Mickey sounded like remembering that loop was giving him a migraine "And I would like to point out, for the sake of normal Christians, that Carrie's mother is clearly insane and not a true Christian. Atheism would not cure her insanity, in fact it probably cause her to become the atheist version of a fundamentalist Christian, which is just as bad. So, no liquid Atheism."

"What about liquid Mormon..."

"No"

"Liquid Islam"

"No"

"Liquid Zoroastrianism"

"...I have no idea what that is, but no" Mickey shook his head as he mentally reminded himself to get Goofy to dispose of those vials later.

"Well, I did once create a copy of Koh the Face Stealer's powers with some variant Master Weapon tech during a variant loop where he was Koh the Voice Stealer..." Minnie offered up as Oswald turned to Mickey if he had any suggestions to add, but he still seemed to have a headache from Goofy's liquid religion idea.

"Very well. Seems like the best option, well maybe bar Child Services and a lot of evidence like that time we saved a 5 year old Harry Potter..." Oswald stopped talking as he realized what a simple idea it was, and how morally unquestionable it was.

"Okay, Minne and Oswald, convince Carrie to come with you two to the police station to file a report, Donald, Goofy and I will get some evidence from Carrie's home to prove it is a unsafe environment for her in the meantime to "

"How long will that take?" Minnie frowned at the thought of how long she would have to keep a scared, stressed and Jean Gray level teenage girl from freaking out in a very stressful situation"

"...Five minutes tops" Mickey figured.

MrEgret

(1.3)

OSWALD IN BIOSHOCK

Oswald Awoke to find himself crawling out of the ocean towards a lighthouse. "Huh. That's new," he mused, as he wrung out his ears while climbing up the steps. As he pushed the door open, he felt a twinge as the Loop Memories came in. The images called forth were weirdly faded and scratched, like a section of an aged film reel.

Fake memories.

"This better be just plain amnesia, and not some hokey conspiracy thing involving this lighthouse," Oswald grumbled, as he summarily deleted the fake memories. He must remember to thank Raz for the crash course in Psychonaut training. Sure, having a Persona was nice, but psychic powers were simply invaluable.

Suddenly, he lurched, and fell to his knees, as his head begin to swim. Psychic command, very powerful, and deeply established in the unAwake mindscape. It consisted of three words, which would subvert his conscious mind whenever he even noticed them.

WOULD YOU KINDLY?

(And Oswald thought he detected another command, buried under the first, something more subtle, yet insidious...)

Oswald sat down on the steps leading into the depths of the lighthouse, and furrowed his brain in concentration. Deleting mental commands is a much trickier task than wiping false memories, and it takes a lot of mental effort. It would be several hundred Loops before he could do it as easily as Raz, barring any Loops that enhance or introduce new psionic abilities.

"Ngh… I kinda wish Minnie was here," Oswald grunted. "A *Break Enchantment* spell would be swell right about now."

He then cried out as his brain *snapped* a little, like a back snaps back into alignment. He suddenly felt much more alert, and in control of himself.

As a brief test, he wrote, "Would you kindly hit yourself in the face with a pie?" on a handy piece of paper, then wiped his memories of writing the command.

He then looked at the written command he had gotten from somewhere, and smiled when he felt no compulsion to pie himself.

"Okay, that's *that* taken care of," Oswald murmured. "Now, let's go see what's at the bottom of this lighthouse…"

He pulled out his remote, and began to descend into the depth of the lighthouse, the lights flicking on as he went. In the distance, he could see a gleam of bronze.

There, in the bottom of the lighthouse, was a bathysphere.

WELCOME TO RAPTURE

Oswald clambered into the bathysphere, and took a look around. Rather Spartan décor, aside from the lever. He gave it a yank, then looked around sharply as the door shut, and the bathysphere began to descend. "Well, no turning back now," he mused. Perhaps he could spend some time fiddling with the Hopper Beetleworx chassis he picked up last Loop.

As the bathysphere descended further into the ocean, a projector screen activated within the bathysphere. Oswald watched Andrew Ryan give his spiel about the conditions of the surface world with some interest while fiddling with the chassis.

Suddenly, at the halfway mark, the projector slide shut off, and Oswald got his first look at Rapture. "Wow…" he breathed. "It's like home, but underwater. Cool!"

He couldn't wait to get out of the bathysphere. If the city looked that good on the outside, imagine what it must be like inside!

As it turned out, it was a hellhole inside.

Not five minutes had passed and Oswald already saw an innocent man get gutted by some maniac with two sickles, before he could even react.

While Oswald was staring at the corpse with bald shock, the maniac suddenly turned towards the bathysphere. "Is it someone new?" he rasped. he then jumped onto the bathysphere and began cutting his way in.

"Nuts!" Oswald yelled, as he jabbed his remote towards where a sickle had punched through the outer shell, and delivered a 500-volt shock. There was a scream, the smell of sizzling flesh, and the sickle disappeared from the hole. Oswald briefly heard a body fall to the floor, and then staggered footsteps away from the bathysphere.

Just then, he heard a radio switch on, and Atlas's voice rang out. "Would you kindly pick up the radio?"

Oswald's ears pricked up. "Would you kindly…" he repeated.

The plot had thickened. Oswald smiled slowly. "This does sound interesting."

He grabbed the radio, and stepped out of the bathysphere.

FINDING THE SECURITY-BOT

As Oswald slowly advanced through the Atrium, remote in one hand and the other hand cloaked in psionic energy, he heard the juddering sound of an automated door repeatedly opening and closing. He cautiously approached the sound, fully prepared to punch the bejeezus out of anything that so much as looked at him funny.

It turned out to be a deactivated Security Bot trapped in an automatic door. Oswald felt something very much like pity, and knelt down next to it. "Poor little guy. Here, let me fix you up," he cooed.

When the doors opened again, he quickly yanked it out from between the door, hustled over behind some cover, and got to work. "Ooh, this is quite nice," he enthused. "Not at all shabby, for something that appears to be made from scavenged supplies..."

Luckily, the Security Bot was only minimally damaged, and Oswald had it repaired in minutes. "Well, let's start 'er up," he muttered.

He connected one final set of wires, and closed up the casing. With a shudder and a whirring of propellor blades, the Security Bot activated, and began to float next to Oswald, its light giving off a cheerful green glow.

Oswald suddenly had a brainwave. He had seen what one functioning Security Bot could do against a group of Splicers. What if he activated more, and got them to work form him?

Oswald grinned, and began to make his long-term plans. Atlas seemed like a stand-up guy, but if he tried any tricks, then an army of Security Bots would be nice to have.

"Okay," Oswald mused, as he walked further into the Atrium, the Security Bot floating by his side. "If what Atlas' little demonstration showed is accurate, then those security cameras summon Security Bots. Now, if I hacked one, made it portable, installed a wireless function, and flashed Splicers with it, would that work? This merits further research..."

MEETING DR. STEINMANN

Oswald slowly approached the door, carrying a coffin lid like a shield with Telekniesis, and with a few Security Bots following close behind. He heard the sound of muffled sobbing coming from the other side. He cautiously opened the door and tip-toed in, holding the coffin lid in front of him.

Peeking our from behind the lid, he saw Dr. Steinmann weeping over a comatose patient. Oswald felt ill. Splicing had *not* done either of them any favors, and the patient was looking much the worse for wear.

""What can I do with this one, Aphrodite?" Steimnann wailed. "She - won't - stay - still!" He accentuated each word with a stab in the patient's midsection, blood spattering the front of his surgical gown. The patient gurgled horribly, then was still.

"I want to make them beautiful, but they always turn out wrong!" he continued, before lighting up three corpses pinned to the walls. Oswald noted the surgical cuts on the corpses with horrified fascination. "That one, too fat! This one, too tall! This one, too symmetrical! And now..."

He suddenly paused, the looked directly at Oswald. "What's this, Goddess? An intruder?! He's ugly! Ugly! Ugly! UGLYYYYYYYY!"

"Yipe!"

Oswald ducked down, and a torrent of bullets punched through the glass window overlooking the operating theater, before burying themselves in the stout pine of the coffin lid. "Look at him! HIDEOUS!" Steinmann howled.

"You're no prize yourself, you quack!" Oswald shot back. He then flung the coffin lid at Steinmann as hard as he could. The lid struck Steinmann square in the chest, flinging him back against the wall with a meaty THUMP, and the sick CRACK of shattered ribs. Steinman lurched back to his feet, blood dripping from behind his surgical mask, and he flung himself towards his machine gun with an animal scream. He then screamed even louder, as one of the Security Bots put a few rounds into his gun arm, causing it to hang loosely at his side.

Oswald ran into the depths of the operating theater, and considered his next move. He thought briefly of the Psycho-Portal stashed in his subspace pocket. If he could get inside his head, maybe bring him to his senses...

Then Oswald remembered the photographs of the mutilated women he had seen throughout the Medical Pavilion, and what he had just

seen him do to his own patient. No, he was too far gone.

He listened for the sound of footsteps splashing through the water to his left, then he jammed his remote into the water, and pressed the button. Steimann screamed shrilly, as several thousand volts coursed through his body, then keeled over dead.

With brisk efficiency, Oswald searched his corpse, and came up with the key to override the security lockdown. He ignored Atlas's congratulations, and went over to the patient on the table. "I'm sorry," he whispered. "I'm so sorry."

He pulled out a sheet from his subspace pocket, and draped it over her. There was no time to give her a proper funeral, so that would have to do.

SAVING DR. LANGFORD

Oswald walked through the corridor leading to Dr. Julie Langford's lab and a swarm of Security Bots, courtesy of a sane Peach Wilkins, followed. He knew that he should be hurrying a little, what with all of the plants in Arcadia dying, and Rapture slowly running out of oxygen, but he was still making up his mind about Atlas's credibility.

Oh sure, he sounded anguished enough when the submarine exploded, but that didn't change the incontrovertible fact that there was no sign of a woman or a child in the wreckage. Even the most violent explosion would have left behind some psychic residue if a living thing was caught in the blast, especially if it was a human. Plus, there would have been at least a few bone fragments if the balst wasn't nuclear.

There was none of that in the sub wreckage.

Atlas was lying to him, this was certain. The question now was: how deep did the lies go?

"I'll find out the truth later," Oswald mused, "but for that to happen, I'd better stop us all from asphyxiating down here."

He picked up his pace, and jogged towards the office doors.

When inside, he saw two things.

First, he saw Dr. Langford working in her laboratory. Presumably making the Lazarus Vector that was nneded to fix this sorry mess.

Second, he saw the reinforced glass that nearly every damn Splicer in this city can crack just by breathing hard its general direction. Not exactly something you want to see in a lab known to work with toxic chemicals.

Suddenly, Ryan's voice cut in on the intercom. "Ju-lie...we had a business deal, remember?" he said in a sing-song voice.

Julie looked up in surprise. "Mr. Ryan..." she began.

"Ryan Corp. maintains EXCLUSIVE rights to the creation, use and exploitation of the Lazarus Vector." Ryan continued. There was a *hiss* , and pea-soup green gas began to fill the chamber.

After he saw the green clouds out in Rolling Hills, and the plants that withered upon contact with them, Oswald knew poison when he saw it.

"Oh no you don't! Not again!" Oswald roared. "PERSONA!"

A blue card manifested in front of him, and he shattered it with a single Psi-Punch. " **BUFUDYNE!"**

If Dr. Langford could see outside the window, she would have seen the silhouette of a cross between a spaceman, a doctor and a rabbit point a laser gun at the window, and zap it with a blue laser beam that covered it entirely in frost.

Oswald then sprang forward, and punched the glass with a Psi-empowered haymaker. Weakened by the bitter cold of Bufudyne, the wire-enforced glass shattered as easily as spun sugar. Oswald bounded into the fog, grabbed Dr. Langford (who was currently barely conscious) and bounded out again. He then dragged her out of the room, which was rapidly filling with poison gas. He could hear Ryan droning on about how ownership was the cornerstone of civilization, or some such malarkey. It didn't matter. Right now, Dr. Langford's welfare was more important.

Dr. Langford jerked awake in the middle of the reception hall, and coughed violently. She was not dead in the middle of her lab. This was an improvement. The fact that she was able to breathe clearly was an even greater improvement.

She tried to get up, but found that she was still too weak to even sit up.

"Phew," an unfamiliar voice sighed, with what sounded like relief. "You're awake. That's good. That poison really did a number on you,"

She turned her head to the left, and saw a cartoon rabbit dressed like a man grinning at her. *Okay, I've gone crazy,* she noted calmly. *Lovely.*

"Assuming this isn't some dying hallucination, who are you?" she asked.

"I'm Oswald!" the impossible rabbit said. "I'm the guy you got to help you with the Lazarus Factor, remember?"

She did remember, and wondered why she hadn't noticed that she was conversing with a rabbit. Perhaps the stress of maintaining Arcadia was getting to her.

"Ah yes, now I remember." she replied. "I was nearly finished with the Vector, with that sample of *Rosa Gallaca* you brought back. Thank you for that, by the way."

She coughed a little. She still felt a bit weak, but would probably recover in the hour. Whatever that rabbit had given her while she was out, it was working wonders. "Unfortunately, Ryan's recent attack changes things. If I try to complete the mixture myself, he'll be sure to try to kill me again, only more thoroughly. You've done so much, but I'm afraid I'll need to ask another favor."

"Sure. Anything to put the wind up the old goat. What d'you need?"

"In my lab, the list of components needed to finish the Lazarus Vector is in a safe behind a painting of some flowers. The combination is 9-4-5-7. You'll also need to take the key inside the safe. It's for the Farmer's Market; you'll need to go there for most of the ingredients. Bring them to me, and I'll mix up the Vector."

Oswald saluted. "Can do!"

Dr. Langford nodded. "Thank you."

After securing the perimeter with some Security Bots and a turret, Oswald ran off to the lab, while Dr. Langford gave her attention to some pep bars that he left behind. "What a strange person," she mused, while she chewed on a pep bar. "He must have known that the Farmer's Market is full of Splicers, and he didn't even hesitate. Not even to get some sort of payment for saving me." She smiled softly. "How very unusual. Who are you, Mr. Oswald?"

OSWALD CRITIQUES SOME ART

Fort Frolic burned.

Oswald bounded through the flames, dodging the Spider Splicers that seemed to be hiding in every corner. Behind him, he could hear Sander Cohen's enraged screams. "He sounds real upset about something," Oswald mused. "Maybe I should have told him that setting fire to his Quadtych wasn't such a hot idea."

Of course, it wasn't like he was *trying* to burn his masterpiece. He had just been trying to hit Oswald with one of his fireballs, and missed. Not his fault that he couldn't aim worth a darn.

A support beam groaned, and buckled, before collapsing on a nearby walkway. Oswald thanked his lucky stars that he thought to rescue the Little Sisters before he carried out Cohen's dirty work. And that he took the time to pick Cohen's pocket for his apartment key. A place where he could crash and be relatively unbothered would be a godsend; this Loop was nuts!

A Spider Splicer reared up before him, and dramatically lunged for his throat with a sickle. Oswald hit him in the throat with a Psi-Punch, then swiftly kicked him in the balls. The Splicer crumpled up like a dead bug, and Oswald continued on to the bathysphere without breaking his stride.

"It's coming to something," he mused, "when a fellow can't even enjoy a night at the theater without some loony artist going crackers at the sound of criticism."

He sealed the bathysphere, just in time for a fireball to glance harmlessly off of the bronze hatch.

"He needed it, though," Oswald continued, as he pulled the lever to start up the bathysphere. "That Quadtych really *was* tacky. I mean, *rabbit masks?* How cliche can you get?"

MEETING MR. RYAN

Andrew Ryan, the man who ruled Rapture, was playing golf in his office, when a slightly singed and rather irritated Oswald burst into the foyer. Ryan looked up calmly at the intrusion. "So," he began, "The assassin has overcome my final line of defense, and now he plans to murder me. In the end what separates a man from a slave? Money? Power? No, a man chooses, and a slave obeys!"

Oswald eyed him suspiciously. If he knew his villains, then Ryan was about to go into the Big Rant.

"You think you have memories," Ryan continued, while lining up his next shot. "A farm. A family. An airplane. A crash. And then this place. Was there really a family? Did that airplane crash, or, was it hijacked? Forced down, forced down by something less than a man, something bred to sleepwalk through life unless activated by a simple phrase, spoken by their kindly master. Come in."

Oswald stepped into the room.

"Stop, would you kindly."

Oswald rolled his eyes, and kept walking towards him. Ryan looked at him.

"I said *stop* , would you kin-"

Oswald cut him off. "Look, Mac, I've already erased the mental trigger, and I know about the fake memories, so can we *please* move on?"

Ryan was utterly flabbergasted. This wasn't how the scenario he had written in his mind had played out. "What...?"

Oswald casually lifted him up off the ground with Telekinesis. "I have just fought my way through your hellhole of a city, saved the souls of over a dozen little girls, brought a man back from the brink of insanity with the power of my mind alone, and survived this place with only one Plasmid. Thanks to your petty little ego, all of that is going to be rendered moot, and all of my friends are going to die if I don't get that self-destruct key from you. Suffice to say, I do *not* have time for the whole devastating revelation bit."

"You'll have to kill me to get it! And that's what Atlas wants, isn't it?! What he ordered you to do?! A man chooses-"

"And a slaves obeys! Yes! I get it!" Oswald snapped. "Look; I'm almost entirely sure that Atlas is playing me for a sap, but I need to follow his instructions, or we all sleep with the fishes. So hold still!"

Despite Ryan's protestations and flailing about, Oswald then proceeded to frisk him thoroughly and efficiently. He pulled the self-destruct key out of his coat pocket, then abruptly dropped the Telekinesis. Ryan landed in an undignified heap on the floor, while Oswald walked towards the self-destruct mechanism. Behind him, he could hear Ryan yelling "Get back here! A slave obeys! OBEY!"

Oswald just kept on walking. He wasn't a man, or a slave. He was a rabbit, and rabbits care not for philosophical debate. Even when it involves mind control.

MrEgret

(1.4)

"I'm home!" Mickey hollered, as he opened the door to his girlfriend's house, carrying a bag of groceries in one arm.

"Hey, Mickey!" Minnie called back. "Just leave the groceries in the kitchen, okay?"

"Got it!"

As Mickey walked into the foyer, and through one of the many winding hallways of Minnie's home, he passed a door that was emitting a bright light from the crack. He shrugged, and walked on.

A few seconds later, he quickly backpedaled, and looked at the door. He didn't remember anyone using this door. He thought it was a closet. So why was there light coming out from the crack? Curiosity got the better of him, and he opened the door with his free hand.

Inside, there was a room that was absolutely filled with television screens, each showing a view of a random street corner in Mouseton. A few even showed the insides of people's houses. Situated in the middle of the room, there was a wooden desk, a swivel chair, and a corkboard. Mickey's eyes widened as he saw the numerous photos simply plastered all over it, connected by various bits of string.

The photos were all of him and Minnie.

Mickey's eye twitched. This was creepy on levels he couldn't even begin to describe.

He heard a gasp, and spun around, holding the groceries out in front of him like a shield.

Minnie was standing in the doorway, with a downcast expression on her face, and a simply enormous ax in her hand.

"Oh, Mickey...I'm so sorry..." she whispered."You shouldn't have seen all of this."

"Minnie? W-what's going on?" Mickey stammered. "And what's with the ax?"

Minnie rubbed her ax arm with her other hand, while refusing to look at him. "It's just...I get so *worried* about you. When you go off on your adventures, and leave me behind, I just worry about all the trouble you're in. I figured that with this..."

She waved her hand at the room full of crazy.

"I would be able to make Mouseton safe for you. My love."

Mickey was flatly shocked. Minnie, his Minnie, the sweet young girl who liked cotton candy and long walks on the boardwalk, had built all of this? For him? "B-b-but why?"

Minnie smiled softly. For some reason, it sent a chill down Mickey's spine. "I don't want anything to take you away from me, Mickey. You're my life, the reason for my existence. I'll do anything for you."

She leaned in far closer than Mickey was comfortable with, and gently wrapped her arms around his shoulders. He tensed up as he felt her whisper into his ear. *"Anything."*

And that was when both Mickey and Minnie Awoke.

The two mice blinked at each other in confusion, before Minnie released Mickey from her embrace. The two just stared at each other for a few moments, their cheeks slowly reddening as the Loop memories trickled in. The bag of groceries, dropped during the confusion, laid on its side on the floor, forgotten.

Mickey finally broke the somewhat awkward silence. "I won't tell the others about this Loop if you won't."

"Deal."

Minnie looked thoughtfully at the ax. "I do like the ax, though..."

MrEgret

(1.5)

In the city of Los Perdidos, all hell had broken loose. The dead had risen from their grave. There was mass panic in the streets, as the living were set upon by the zombie tide. For many, the stress was too much, and they killed themselves. Others went completely insane, and were even bigger threats to the remaining survivors. For many people, it seemed that all hope was lost.

Goofy was not one of those people.

"YAHOO!"

Several zombies were sent flying, upside down and on fire, as Goofy surfed through the streets on what appeared to be the lovechild of a snowboard, a jet engine and a missile. He was wearing a flaming boxing glove in one hand, and wielding a shield that was simply crackling with energy in the other. For reasons unknown, he was dressed like a reject from Saturday Night Fever, complete with white disco jacket and gold chains. The only thing that didn't quite fit was the presence of a pair of skiing goggles on Goofy's face. His one concession to anything approaching safety.

Nick Ramos had grabbed the most powerful motorbike that he could find, and he could barely keep up with Goofy's conveyance.

Not even after he strapped on booster rockets from a Star Wars Loop.

"HEY, RAMOS!" Goofy shouted, as he unintentionally clotheslined a line of zombies while turning around to look at him. "YOU SAID WE NEED TO GET TO INGLETON TO RESCUE ANNIE, RIGHT?"

"YEAH!" Nick shouted back. *God-DAMN, was that engine loud,* he thought.

"GOT IT!"

Goofy tossed a rope out to Nick, and he caught a hold of it. "HANG ON!" Goofy shouted.

"FOR WHAT?"

"FOR THE TURBO FUNCTION!"

"TURBO FUNCTIOOOOO **OOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA*AAAAAAAAAAAAAA*** -"

A group of Survivors who had been saved by Ramos and Goofy a while before looked up in awe, as they saw their saviors soaring

through the sky. One of them shouted something, but it was unclear exactly which one.

"YAAAAAAAAAA-HA-HA-HA-HOOOEY!"

MrEgret

(1.6)

Mickey sighed. It was one of *those* Loops. The kind where you head for the nearest bar the Loop after, to complain about and drink impossibly alcoholic beverages to try to forget.

It had started out relatively normal. He was a private eye this Loop, who worked out of his house in Mouseton. Minnie was Awake, and they were considering expanding their operations to include Duckburg. The plan was to find out if Donald and Goofy were Awake, and then go and try to get in Scrooge's good graces, to get an in with the Duckburg elite. Perhaps they could help him retrieve his Number One Dime; that was always a good way to earn his favor.

That plan was scrapped approximately five days in, when Mickey was coming home with some groceries. On the way over, he had been threatened by three evil twins swearing revenge for that one time in Budapest, except that was when he was under hypnosis, so it didn't count. On the way back he had been blackmailed by at least one agent from every single branch of the United States government, along with a few that Mickey knew for a fact didn't exist in Hub Loops. Luckily, the resulting infighting essentially nullified their respective schemes. Over the course of the entire trip, he had fended off no less than *twelve* different women claiming to be past lovers.

Half of them were pregnant with his children, except not really, that had been his evil twin.

Every.

Single .

TIME .

The organ music was also getting *really* irritating.

Mickey wiped his brow, and futilely tried to wipe some lipstick off his collar, as he finally saw his house ahead. "What a day," he sighed. "More plot twists than you could shake a stick at, and not a lick of sense among them."

As he walked down the path to the front door, he saw a man missing his pants (probably Unawake Minnie's secret lover, or some such hogwash) get thrown through the window. He winced. That was going to cost a lot to repair.

When he opened the front door, a horde of men, similarly beaten and sans pants, barreled through the doorway. Some were shouting about "you cheating heart" or how "you'll pay for this."

As he stepped into the living room, he saw a similarly tired Minnie sweeping a bunch of unconscious men into a pile, and out the door. There was a large baseball bat lying on the couch, next to a preposterously large pile of jewelry, lost deeds to this mansion or that, and death threats from everyone from the President to the milkman.

Mickey and Minnie exchanged looks of pure exasperation. "I hate soap opera Loops," they said in unison.

Suddenly Clarabelle Cow burst through the front door, all ready to announce that she and Horace Horsecollar were going to elope, but when she saw the downright murderous looks the mice were giving her, she grinned sheepishly, and quietly backed out of the house.

MrEgret

(1.7)

"Now, young Skywalker, you will-"

At that moment, the doors to Palpatine's throne room were blown off of their hinges. They flew the length of the room, and slammed into the glass wall behind Anakin (currently Vader), Palpatine and Luke, breaking the Sith Lord's concentration. The three Force-users stood agape as blue and green motes flew around the room like a swarm of angry bees, and a rasping voice called out, ***"PALPATIIIIINE..."***

"Who dares enter my inner sanctum uninvited?!" raged Palpatine.

"It is I, Michael, Voice of Diz-Ni. You broke the rules, Palpatine."

Anakin had to fight down an attack of the giggles. Seeing the old tyrant turn even paler than normal at the sound of Mickey Mouse with a voice distorter was something he was going to remember for the rest of the Loops.

Luke (being unAwake) was simply confused by the ensuing events, but he saw an opportunity to escape when he saw it. While Palpatine's attention was directed elsewhere, he limped behind a pillar, and started to plan a counterattack.

His intervention was not needed.

"No! No! I never betrayed you, Master! Never!" gibbered Palpatine, as Mickey slowly walked towards him, Keyblade at the ready, and the Guardians of the Wasteland formed complex patterns behind him.

"You knew the rules when you made your deal with the Principality of Diz-Ni, Palpatine. Thou shall not strike down those who are marked by destiny."

Mickey suddenly looked at the pillar that Luke was hiding behind, and the young Jedi could have sworn that he *winked* at him.

"The young Skywalker?!" Palpatine cried out hysterically. "But he's not even a proper Jedi! Barely an apprentice-"

"SILENCE!" thundered Mickey. ***"You violated your contract with Us. Now you must pay the price."***

There was a flash of movement, and Palpatine's body was stabbed through the heart, and pinned to his throne by the Keyblade. Immediately after, his body exploded in a burst of Dark energy, and his ghost began to coalesce. Almost immediately, a swarm of Tints formed around it. There was a flash of light, and Palpatine's ghost was writing and screaming within a crystal ball roughly the size of Luke's head.

Anakin suddenly felt a new respect for the mouse. "Nicely done. Now what're you going to do with him?"

Mickey pulled off the voice distorter over his mouth. "Eh, probably throw him into a black hole or something. So, I hear this place is gonna blow in a few minutes?"

"Yeah. Let me explain things to Luke over here, then let's get the hell out of here."

"Right. I'l go fire up the Gummi Ship."

MrEgret

Mickey wandered down the ancient subway path, while considering his options. He was currently twelve years old, homeless, and barely scraping together a living as a newsboy. A tough corner for most people, but then, Loopers weren't most people.

He had Awoken in this subway, which did not appear on any map, and he was interested in seeing where it led. Especially when he saw the statues depicting the Seven Deadly Sins. His plot-senses

were tingling, and he could almost taste the upcoming adventure hook.

Mickey realized that he had been spending *way* too much time in Loops based off of RPGs.

Eventually, he came into a large cavern, which was lit up by a brazier, the flames casting flickering shadows on the walls. In the back, there was a huge throne apparently hewn out of stone. Mickey stoppeed when he felt the absolutely astonishing amounts of magic radiating from the elderly man sitting on the throne. "Gosh," Mickey gasped. "He's even stronger than Yen Sid! I didn't think that was possible..."

The old man looked up and Mickey froze in place. He only relaxed when the man smiled, and beckoned him closer. "Come in, young mouse," he intoned. "I have been expecting you."

Mickey slowly edged into the cave. "Y-you have?"

"Of course. I can see the mists of Time hanging about you like a veil. You are not from this time, are you, young mouse?"

"You could say that," Mickey replied. *So he's Loop-Aware* , he thought to himself. *This may be bad.*

"Do not be alarmed," the old man-no, the wizard-continued. "I am the wizard Shazam. Much like yourself, I have spent my entire life fighting injustice and cruelty, but I feel my time drawing near. I need to choose a successor, and I believe that you could fulfill that role."

Mickey sighed inwardly. Business as usual, it seemed. "All right. What do I have to do?"

"Merely say my name, and you will be granted the abilities of six of the mightiest beings the world has ever known:

The Wisdom of Solomon!

The Strength of Hercules!

The Stamina of Atlas!

The Power of Zeus!

The Courage of Achilles!

and The Speed of Mercury!

You will become Earth's mightiest mortal: Captain Marvel!"

Mickey thought about it for a while. It had been a while since he was a superhero, and the ability to become a flying brick would come in useful...

He finally nodded. "Alright. I'll do it."

"Then say my name, noble mouse!"

Mickey braced himself, then shouted at the top of his lungs: "SHAZAM!"

Suddenly lightning flashed inside the cave, and Mickey felt a tremendous surge of energy course through his body. When the surge subsided, he had grown up into his adult self, while bedecked in a set of red tights with a golden lightning bolt on his chest, and a white cape around his neck. He could feel power coursing through his entire body, and he saw sparks playing along his fingertips. All of a sudden, he felt like anything was possible.

He smiled. He could get used to this.

MrEgret

(1.9)

Oswald trudged along the surface of the moon, dragging along a mortar and pestle. "I swear," he grumbled, "if I ever get my hands on the guy that started the whole rabbit on the moon thing, I am gonna-"

"You're gonna what?"

"I don't know! Maybe cover his house in moon pies, or somethin- wait."

Oswald turned around, and then just stared.

There, standing in front of him was a navy blue horse...thing with wings and a horn. Her mane, Oswald noted, was apparently made of stars, and she bore a symbol of the moon on her flank.

Also, she was radiating magic on a level that Oswald had never seen before, excluding deities.

The alicorn and the rabbit just stared at each other for a few seconds. "Please tell me you know what Looping means." Oswald finally stammered.

The alicorn smiled. "Indeed. My name is Princess Luna"

Oswald nearly collapsed in relief. "Oh, thank the stars. I'm Oswald. Oswald the Lucky Rabbit."

Luna tilted her head confusedly. "I don't believe I have heard of you before."

"Not many people have. I've only just started Looping recently. Just after the Crash."

Luna nodded. "Yes, this makes sense. We have some Loopers from that time period. Anyway, welcome to Equestria. Or at least, Equestria's moon."

Oswald grinned. "Aw, neato! Mickey told me about this place after I started Looping!"

Then the Loop memories hit. Luna waited politely while Oswald got them sorted out. His grin turned into a pensive look. "...Okay, that's odd. Luna?"

"Yes?"

"Why the blazes are we *married?* "

Luna looked at Oswald in confusion, before her Loop memories came in. "Ah. it seems that the Magic Kingdom is an actual country in Equestria this Loop, and you and Mickey got hitched to me and Tia as a political move."

"Mickey's here? Then why didn't he respond to my ping?"

"He is probably not Awake this Loop. Celestia isn't Awake either, or we would not be sitting up here."

The two Loopers thought for a moment, then slowly started to grin.

"Oswald?" Luna asked. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

"Pranking time?"

"Pranking time."

"What."

Twilight Sparkle, Celestia's personal student, and Spike, her number-one assistant and King Mickey's personal apprentice simply stared at the chaos that was unfolding on the stage.

Celestia (who still wasn't Awake) was staring at the strange duo standing on the stage with an expression of shock. Mickey, (who *was* Awake) looked like he was desperately trying to fight off an attack of the giggles.

Luna, dressed in a white tank top with a large red N on the front and a matching white skirt posed on one side of the stage while Oswald,

in a ridiculous purple wig, white shirt (also with the red N) and pants posed on the other side.

In the center, a strange bird-like robot with a tape recorder taped to it and a gold coin glued to the head scanned the crowd.

"Prepare for trouble!" Luna began.

"And make it double!" Oswald continued.

"To protect Equestria from devastation!"

"To unite all ponies within our nation!"

"To denounce the evils of truth and love!"

"To extend our reach to the stars above!"

"Luna!"

"Oz!"

"Team Nightmare, undisputed rulers of the night!"

"Surrender now, or prepare for a fright!"

The tape recorder clicked on, and played, "Beep-boop! That's right!"

As Mickey finally burst out laughing, and Celestia couldn't make up her mind whether to attack the members of Team Nightmare or check on her husband, Twilight sighed, and brought a hoof to her face. At least this Loop would be interesting.

Crossoverpairinglover

Mickey mused curiously in front of a rather elaborate and complicated inter-connected wall of ideas and concepts, labeled

'Fiege', though it seemed to have lost several pieces recently.

Apparently they were in another loop where they were the living incarnations of Disney Company, and thus in charge of all future output of movie and television production.

It was both amazingly powerful, and incredibly fragile. One wrong move, and they could turn Frozen into the next Black Cauldron.

Of course, now they had to contend with the great responsibility that was owning the Hub Verse Kingdom Hearts, Marvel and Lucas universes.

It was...rarely easy to get right. One wrong move, or a lack of a move, could destroy them. Mickey knew that for a mortifying fact.

There was a reason you never let Goofy make casting calls for Robert Downey Junior's replacement actor. In hindsight Zac Effron was a horrible Iron Man.

On the other hand, that time Goofy was allowed to write the plot for Kingdom Hearts 3 (which Mickey had not experienced yet, and apparently neither had Sora), because it somehow managed to be less mind-screwy than previous installments.

But then there was that time Mickey had hired Hideaki Anno, Grant Morrison and Pendleton Ward to co-write it...it was popular but no one could really understand the ending.

But the MCU was different...it was, for one thing, 100% created on a generally sober mind (Unlike some Kingdom Hearts games in the Hub verse), and it had to appeal to more than just the video game crowd.

It had a plot that seemed to be well planned out for at least a decade in advance, or at least it did.

Sadly, Mickey couldn't find most of Fiege's notes, and he seemed to be channeling Erskine in not telling anyone, or writing anything down, about his plans when assassins from the nefarious 'Networking Illuminati Against Really Good Shows and Ideas' (N.I.A.R.G.I) organization had killed him and the other writers, caused so much damage to the Netflix team alone they had to call up Netflix and cancel, and torched most of their stuff.

Said group was also the reason Josh Whedon and Greg Weisman had issues with keeping their shows going, now further made so by the fact Whedon was no longer alive, and had crippled the anime industry in 2007 and further so in 2008, though it had recovered recently.

So, it would seem that they would have to go and rebuild the MCU from the ground up, with only the details of everything through Ant-Man left to base their plans off of.

"Garsh, those N.I.A.R.G.I people really made a ruckus out of things. They even ruined your show, Mr. Vader sir"

"No, that was a side effect of Disney obtaining the rights to Lucasfilm. Considering what I've heard about its former network, it probably was better they change pace and give their rights to a company that actually has a decent marketing team, and does not seem to think that quality action programming should be replaced by chibi freaks of nature"

The 'High Exalted Council of Disney Properties', as Darth Vader had decided to call it, were the entirety of the 'Disney' loopers who were awake this loop, consisting of Mickey, Donald, Goofy, Darth Vader, Luke Skywalker, Groot, Captain America, Elsa, Genie, Jack Skeleton, and Percy Jackson, whose publisher was technically owned by Disney so one could argue he should actually be there, sitting around a round table.

"Okay, so all the notes on my third film were lost?" Cap decided to get the meeting back on tract before Vader could get on a rant about

bad television programs.

"Your film, Doctor Strange, the second Guardians film, the future plans, it's all gone" Mickey affirmed.

"I am Groot" Groot spoke in a depressed tone at the loss.

"What about Mr. Abrams?" Luke inquired for the sake of his own relaunch.

"He's fine, currently hiding in a bolt hole with Weisman and Filoni with all their notes in tact" Mickey told the relieved hero "That's why we're not trying to determine if its too late to get Luceno or Zahn to write episode 7."

"Okay then, what exactly do we have to work with on the big and mighty front, assuming we don't spoil any details" the Genie inquired in a completely spoiler preventing tone of voice as Mickey snapped his finger, causing dozens of holographic projections to form up on the table.

"Let's see, we have T'Challa, Carol Danvers, Luke Cage, Matt Murdock, Stephan Strange, Jennifer Walters, Nico Minoru..."

"What about Logan?" Jack inquired as Mickey shook his head.

"Fox has his rights"

"Peter?" Elsa asked as Cap shook his head

"Sony"

"Namor?"

"I am Groot"

"What Groot said Percy" Mickey commented "Basically, Namor's a legal minefield, Man Thing is complicated, and Spiderman and the X-men and related peoples are owned by different companies. That of

course makes using characters connected to both tricky, as Quicksilver and Scarlet Witch prove, and I haven't even asked about Jessica Drew and Brian Braddock"

"Maybe it's for the best, I mean who would go and see a 'Captain Britain' film anyway?" Donald asked out loud.

"I am Groot"

"...He has a point there Donald" Goofy sided with the Guardian of the Galaxy on a Captain Britain film. "Though I think it would be easier if we did clear up those mine fields. After all, if you really think about it, Fox could raise a stink about a lot of things. I mean, that second Ant fellow was a member of the Fantastic Four for a long time, Black Panther first appeared in the Fantastic Four book and often still does, he even was a member after that Civil War" (Cap shivered at that one. He honestly had no idea why he was so...dogmatic then) ", Carol was closely associated with the X-Men for a long time because of that Rogue thing and that time she was a member of those Starjammers with Scott's father, Thanos has a pretty strong arguing case with being part of the Silver Surfer's rogues gallery. If Fox knows that we've suffered a major creative blow, they might decide to steal some characters from us while we're down."

Mickey flinched at the sort of legal minefield Goofy had brought up, or the Social Darwinist viewpoint of legal attack. If Fox really wanted to, could they manage to be that obnoxious?

For some reason, the word 'Gifted' fluttered into his mind

"You know what, before we even get started on recovery, let's just cover that base first" Mickey decided "Anakin, I want to you get Fox to give up all their rights, at least to the Fantastic Four and all things that are not earthbound. Getting the X-Men back as well would be ideal as well"

Darth Vader nodded "And what methods do you suppose?"

"...Whatever you deem necessary that leaves them alive, whole and sane" Mickey told the occasional evil lord of the galaxy "Luke, Sony is far more agreeable, so you deal with them"

It was best to save the scarier, more imposing Skywalker for the stubborn ones.

"You two can take care of that after the meeting finishes, but first...anyone have ideas for the movies?"

"...Haven't read the script for Age of Ultron or Ant Man, but if it's possible, can we try and avoid a Civil War storyline unless we have a really good reason story line?" Cap offered up immediately.

"Can we have some of the Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D characters appear in a movie?" Percy suggested

"Do we actually need the Inhumans if the X-Men are being brought back?" Elsa questioned

"I am Groot"

"Tree, we are not doing a Onslaught movie. Fans would almost rather want me appearing in your sequel" Vader snarked as the room quickly descended into loud arguments.

"Maybe this is why Walt had people problems" Mickey muttered to himself. It would explain the sudden images of 'Spider Oswald' and 'X Oswald' that just appeared in his head after all.

MrEgret

Somewhere in Cairo, Mickey awoke to find himself in a luxurious hotel room. "Huh," he said, as he looked around. "Not bad. I've certainly Awoken in worse places."

He went over to the mirror to see how he looked this time around. Surprisingly, he had red eyes, and a small pair of fangs. He was also dressed in a set of fancy clothes, similar to his usual attire during Victorian loops. "Vamprie, huh? Okay, not too bad. I can work with thi-"

Then the Loop memories came in.

Mickey reeled from the shock of the memories, and sat down heavily on the bed. The only thing he could think of was *"I knew learning that time-stopping spell back in the Kingdom Hearts universe was going to bite me in the butt."*

Still, he thought that replacing freaking *DIO,* of all people, was going a bit too far. Even with Yggdrasil's rather peculiar sense of humor.

"Right, screw this Loop," he announced. "SHAZAM!"

There was a flash of lightning, the crashing of thunder, and Mickey stood proudly in his Captain Marvel uniform. Mickey felt the inside of his mouth with his tongue, and was pleased to note a lack of fangs. "That's one problem solved. Now, let's see who else is Awake..."

"YOU'RE NOT DIO-SAMA!"

"Oh, right; magic lightning *does* tend to stand out, doesn't it?"

Mickey leaped out of the way, as an orb of pure nothingness promptly put a hole in the bed where he had been sitting mere seconds before. As Mickey turned to face an enraged Vanilla Ice, he wondered if any other Disney Loopers were running into trouble.

"No, seriously-ACK! I'm on your side! WOAH! Hey! Easy with those vines, buster! YEEK!"

Minnie ducked and weaved around the flying metal objects that her new Stand kept attracting, while trying to explain to an Unawake Joseph Joestar and Avdol that no, she wasn't a servant of DIO, no

matter what she might have said before, and would you please put those Stands away before somebody gets hurt?

Of course, given that she had announced that she would have taken Joseph for a lover if she wasn't already attracted to DIO literally minutes before she Awoke, this was proving to be substantially harder than usual.

"Oh, Mickey, where are you?" she fretted, before ducking, and narrowly avoiding getting clobbered by a flying trash can. While she might keep the Stand for later use, she wanted to know how to turn it *off* first.

MrEgret

Goofy the Bodyguard

Goofy squinted his eyes, as he surveyed the courtyard of Magic Cinder Castle. There was nothing to be seen, except for the countless number of souls glowing faintly as they awaited comsumption.

He didn't entirely know who those gangsters were, but they had tried to kill Angela, the Witch child he was looking over, so of course he had to step in. He had intended to simply talk them into giving up and going away, but they opened fire before he could even so much as say "Hello." If he didn't have the Ogre Shield equipped at the time, he would have been reduced to Swiss cheese. The bullets ricocheted off of his shield, and took out several unfortunate gangsters.

Goofy then tried to chase the remaining ones off with a simple Goofy Turbo attack, but he had *severely* underestimated the power that his current body had.

Long story short, there were now several Goofy-shaped holes in the surrounding walls, and the gangsters' souls seemed to be clustered around them.

"Gawrsh," he mused, "Maybe holing up in this here castle isn't the brightest idea. I wonder if there's anywhere I could take Angela to get some help lookin' after her..."

Suddenly, his heightened senses picked up someone sneaking up on him. He spun around, tripped and fell flat on his face.

"Well, looks like we found our Replacement, Tsubaki," a rather brash male voice said.

"Really?" a female voice (Tsubaki, Goofy wagered) asked? "He looks rather...odd."

"Yeah well, that's Replacement Loopers for you," the brash voice replied.

Goofy looked up from his position on the ground, and saw a blue-haired ninja boy holding a chain scythe kneeling down, and closely scrutinizing Goofy's face. Oddly, he didn't see any girls around to match up with the Tsubaki voice. "Uh, can I help you?" he asked.

"Let's cut the crap. You're Looping, right?" the ninja boy interrupted.

"Geez, Black*Star; these 'Loops' did nothing to mellow you out did they?" the chain scythe chided.

Goofy didn't even react to the talking weapon. He had seen weirder things working as a waiter at the House of Mouse. "A-hyuck! I sure am! Name's Goofy. You're Black*Star, right?"

Black Star grinned and struck an impressive pose, holding a rather embarrassed Tsubaki aloft like a flag. "That's right! The Master of Assassination, Black*Star, has entered the scene!"

Tsubaki shifted back into human form and bowed contritely. "Please forgive my Meister. He's like this a lot. My name's Tsubaki Nakatsukasa. I'm his Demon Weapon partner."

Goofy shook them both by the hand after getting up from the ground. "Nice to meet you both! So, what brings the two of you out here?"

"Well, we're students at Shibusen, usually, and we would normally need to collect the souls of evil humans and Witches. If a Demon Weapon consumes ninety-nine human souls and a Witch soul, they become Death Scythes, and gain the honor of being wielded by Shingami-sama."

Goofy looked at the two native Loopers warily. "You're not here to kill Angela, are you? I'll have to stop you, if you are." Tsubaki swallowed a gasp as she *felt* the intense pressure of Goofy's Soul Wavelength manifesting, like a shroud falling over the entire area. *This Wavelength's stronger than Mifune's ever was!* she realized. *If he can do this without any concentration at all...*

"Hey, hey, hey, hey hey! Cool your jets, dog-man!" Black*Star responded. "We didn't kill her in the baseline, and we're not gonna kill her now!"

Goofy relaxed slightly. Usually, guys who were as obnoxious as Black*Star currently was were also horrible liars. "Well, alright then. So, why'd you come here?"

Tsubaki relaxed as she felt the Soul Wavelength's presence dissipate. "We're here to offer you and Angela a deal."

Goofy leaned on a nearby wall. "Okay. What's the deal?"

"If you come to Shibusen with us, and help teach our fellow students, we'll make certain that Angela is raised safely, and protect her from whatever groups are hunting for her soul.'

Goofy thought about it for a minute. The students seemed to be on the level, and, well, they *were* Loopers. They knew this place better than he did.

"Aw, what the heck. You got yourself a deal!"

"RETREAT! RETREEEEEEEEEAT!"

Arachnophobia members scattered among the trees, abandoning their base en masse. Some of the unluckier ones were instead launched through the walls of the base themselves, face-planting on the ground and promptly disintegrating, leaving behind softly glowing souls.

Mosquito looked on in shock, barely noticing the bleeding stump where his arm used to be. "How did this happen...?" he kept mumbling.

They had expected an attack from Shibusen, and they had naturally prepared for both a full frontal assault and for an attempt at infiltration and sabotage. Baba Yaga's defenses should have been able to repel any attack from the students of that hateful academy. They had hordes of soldiers to die for them, golems supplied by Giriko and his ilk to hold the line, the Artifact Soldiers waiting in the wings, and even himself, the major-domo to Arachne herself.

None of that did any good at all.

And now, the students were inside the base, and destroying every single demon tool they could find. Every single triumph that Arachnophobia had gained over several decades of toil, intrigue and murder, were now going up in flames.

A ninja that burned his way through our soldiers with green fire, that only seemed to grow in tandem with his will to succeed...a dog-man whose soul was akin to a mighty fortress, impenetrable to any

madness attack that tried to breach it...how did Shibusen find such monstrous warriors to fight for them?! he wondered.

Mosquito roused himself from his stupor, and dragged himself towards the yawning black hole that used to be the front gates. He needed to get some blood in him, repair his wounds. He'll just use one of the scientists; that was what they were for, after all.

Then, he had to find Arachne. To warn her. To protect her.

She had invited the wrath of gods upon Arachnophobia's head.

Bardic_Knowledge

(1.13)

Sora was trying what he'd heard was called a "challenge run," a concept introduced to him by Link of the Hyrule Loops. He was going to go through his whole Loop limiting himself, and in this case, he was limiting himself to a single spell. At first, he thought he'd limit himself to Curaga, but that pretty much negated the challenge altogether. So he picked a double challenge, just for the heck of it: Not only would he be restricted to a single spell, he wasn't going to directly attack anyone.

Which meant that the single spell would have to be Stopga, Aeroga, Reflega, or Magnega.

"Sora!" cried unAwake Donald (Sora was always mildly disappointed to find his friends weren't Awake, even if it was inevitable). "Help!"

Sora dashed in, quickly catching up to the court wizard. "Heal up, Donald, I got this. Reflect!" The hexagonal barrier of the spell appeared around them, causing most of the Heartless's attacks to bounce off. After a few good solid hits, he released the spell, blowing all the Heartless back to darkness.

Blazingen1

(1.14)

"Order! Order! Id like to call this court to… some kind of order."

Sora said as he banged the gravel on the table they sat behind. It was a weird loop this time, where people had very odd mindscapes. For people with only one presence living within them, they wouldn't be aware that they sat in a chair to control their physical body. But people housing more than one mind, they sat in a large conference room with everyone else they have within. Thus, in the business-type meeting table sat Sora and the people he shared his mindscape.

"Right! Roll call! Alright well I'm here. Roxas?

"Here." Roxas said in a deadpan voice.

"Xion?" he said to a slightly transparent Xion.

"I'm here too even though I'm pretty sure I'm not supposed to be."

"Sleeping Ventus?"

"zzzzzzzzzz…"

"…and finally, a very restrained Vanitas in a Keyblade-escape-proof chair. Hello there, Vanitas."

The non-looping Vanitas sat next to Roxas in a chair with many locks and chains that not even a single Keyblade could unlock them all. "I don't know who you are or how you got here but once I get out of these restraints I will end you idiots and…"

"Roxas, could you please put Vanitas into a comatose state?"

Without breaking his deadpan face, he lifted his right hand, and with it a large cartoonish mallet, and brought it down on Vanitas's head, knocking him out. A large anime bump inflated where he was hit.

"There now that that's all done, now we can get to more serious business, like-"

"Finding the bastard Xehanort. That body stealer. He borrowed my hand one time and he never even bothered to return it. I had to regenerate it elbow up!"

The gang was surprised to see a man in a black and red bodysuit, also known as Deadpool, the looping anomaly, sitting on the opposite end of the conference table.

"What the… Deadpool?! What are you doing here?!"

"Well, now that you mention it, since Disney's buyout of the Marvel franchise, I've been popping out randomly in different Disney worlds. Hey! Maybe this time you can finally make a Kingdom Hearts/Marvel crossover! Itll be epic!"

"I mean, what are you doing here? This is my mind!'

"Well how am I supposed to know? The author's the one who placed me here. I mean come on, where's the context? Aren't you going to go through some kind of exposition or something to explain what the (Bleep) is going on? See, even my curses are (Bleeping) censored."

"Deadpool; get out of my head!" Sora, Roxas, and Xion stood and Keyblades flashed into their open palms.

"Come on guys, do you really think you can take on me?" Deadpool arrogantly puffed his chest.

As soon as he said that, the walls of the conference room fell open to reveal the entire space behind all three Keybladers were full of Keyblades Sora had gathered throughout the loops. There was seemingly no end to them.

Looking at his uneven odds, "Well then…" Deadpool took the most manliest option… and ran away screaming like a little girl, not before

he set a radio he found to a cheesy Benny Hill chase music.

"Get him!" and so the trio chased him around the empty space of the void. The Keyblades floated after them.

After 5 minutes of running, Deadpool suddenly turned around wearing a cop hat, held up a stop sign and blew a big police whistle.

"Bweeeeeeepp!"

This brought a screeching halt to the three.

"Hold up just a minute guys. If what the author guy said earlier about chairs and controls is true, if you're here, then whose controlling the body?"

Blink. Blink.

(Outside Sora's mind)

Both friends watched worriedly as their other friend went silent for one moment, then wildly ran around in circles before finally collapsing onto the sand, snoring.

Unawake Riku just stared and said, "I worry about what goes on in that head of yours, Sora."

Blazingen1

(1.15)

Do you want to build a Baymax? Part 1

" *Do you want to build a snowman? It doesn't have to be a snowman…* " sang a young Anna to the door that hid her sister from her.

"Go away Anna!"

" *Okay bye,* " She finished sadly, as she walked away from her only Sister's room. Lonely Anna was disappointed that she couldn't even see her sister anymore. Mama and Papa were outside busy running the kingdom, and she had lost her only friend. Was Elsa mad at her for something? One could say that Anna was hurting.

She was so dejected that she didn't even notice, that just when she was about to return to her room, she bumped face first into a giant white balloon.

"Whoa!" she yelled as she fell on her rump. She looked up at the object and blinked.

And then blinked some more.

It appeared to be a large rotund Marshmallow man (I don't think they have balloons in her time period) stood in her path. It was large enough to fit the entire corridor, and had two big black eyes connected with a line.

"Hello. I am Baymax," said the Marshmallow man, as he lifted an arm to give a friendly wave. "I was programmed to heal the sick and injured. Are you alright?" he asked as he tilted his head sideways.

Anna couldn't really find the words to respond, for not only did she not understand what was said, but also because her eyes shined with wonder and fascination at the adorable and huggable creature that stood before her. It really was like a marshmallow; looked soft too.

She picked herself up and then poked Baymax in his large belly.

Boing. Boing.

It definitely wasn't a creature of her imagination. Then her eyes lit up with excitement. Finally, there was someone for her to play with. She

brushed her skirt; had to act like a princess after all; and then greeted the marshmallow man.

"I'm okay. Ahem. I am Princess Anna. Do *you* want to build a snowman?"

Meanwhile, Princess Elsa sat in her room contemplating her sad existence. She had harmed her sister by accident, and for that she isolated herself from her to protect her.

It was a lonely existence, but one she would do out of protection. That was what she told herself even though the real reason is that she loved her sister so much that she feared the day she really harmed her, and thus bore the burden of solitude.

It had been a few hours since her sister was at the door. Elsa was glad that her sister had found something to do, but sad that she couldn't be there with Anna. It was a mixed bag of feelings. From her door, she could hear her sister's laughter.

'At least she had found someone to play with. I wonder who it is.'

"Wheeee! Ha ha ha ha!" laughed Anna as she bounced up and down.

Said princess was currently using Baymax as a makeshift trampoline. After a whole day playing with snow with Baymax, she had retreated to the warmth of her castle, in her favorite room, the one with the paintings. Not once did she think about Elsa shutting her out, not anything else. That is, until she heard the horns blow, indicating the return of her parents.

'Yay! Mama and Papa are home!"

Then her thoughts drifted to her new friend she was sitting on.

"Oh no! Mama and Papa are home! I can't let them see you." She was worried that they might scold her for talking with a stranger

(technically) and take her new friend away. She had to hide him.

"Come on!" She ran out of the room. A few seconds later she ran back in and pushed the still waddling Baymax out with her.

"I am not fast."

"No kidding!"

Knock, knock, knock knock, knock.

It was Anna's favourite knock on Elsa's door. Mama and Papa were home, so she had to look her best, gloves on and everything. But Anna knocking on her door again, and not running towards their parents, was unexpected.

"Elsa! I really need your help here."

When she didn't answer, Anna's knocks became more frantic.

"Elsa?! I'm really serious here. I really need your help, or else Papa might take him away."

Had Anna taken in a stray again? It wouldn't really be the first time she did. Deciding against it, she opened the door to reveal a large snowman with a rotund belly not unlike their Butler, Kai. He lifted his hand in a friendly wave, and said "Hello. I am Baymax. Who are you?"

(To Anna, it looked more like a marshmallow, but to Elsa, I'm thinking that her connection to snow might make it seem to her that Baymax was more snowmen-like)

"Huh?" was her intelligent answer.

"Elsa!" yelled Anna from the other side of Baymax. She was currently pushing Baymax into Elsa's doorframe. He couldn't fit. "Could you help me hide Baymax? I can't let Mama and Papa see him."

"Um what?" she asked as she walked out of her room for what seemed to be the first time this year. This felt like once again like Anna's mischievous schemes back when they were younger and more prone to get into trouble.

"Please. Just this once! Then I promise not to bother you ever again!"

Step, step, step.

Both Anna and Elsa gasped and looked towards the staircase with a deer in a headlight's look. They were getting closer.

(Two seconds later)

"Hhhhrrrggg!" They were now both valiantly struggling to squeeze Baymax into Elsa's room. Curse those tiny bodies of theirs.

With a final heave, and a pop sound, Baymax finally squeezed through.

"I'll distract them. You go find a place he can hide in your room," said Anna as she went to intercept her parents.

Elsa went back into her room and slammed the door shut behind her, back against the door. The snowman looked at her, and blinked once more. 'Hello. I am Baymax." He greeted again with a friendly wave. "I was programmed to heal the sick and injured."

'Now what do I do with him?' thought Elsa helplessly.

(1.16)

Do you want to build a Baymax? Part 2

(That Night)

Once the entire Hullabaloo was over, the King and Queen left Elsa's room for the night. Elsa stood grinning at the door as it closed. Once it did, she dropped it with a tired sigh.

Opening the closet, the stuffed Baymax blinked as light flooded his optics. Thank goodness princesses had spacious closets.

"It's okay. You can come out now." Elsa then went back to her desk.

Blinking once again, Baymax stepped forth, maneuvering his balloon-like body until he reached her. It was like he could sense the sadness in the tone.

'What seems to be the trouble?" he asked her.

"Hmm? Oh! It is nothing. I am just doing my homework my tutors assigned me."

Peeking from the corner of her eye, she saw that Baymax still stood beside her. Now that she's looking at him more clearly, it was obvious to her that this was no snowman. While it was white, it had a metal head, much like the helmets soldiers wear. Its body was neither warm nor cold, and is made of a bouncy material.

Feeling a bit awkward that the creature was still staring at her, she took a deep breath, and in a very formal tone, implied, "Yes? Is there something that you require from me?"

"My scanners indicate depression from you. Why are you upset?"

"What?" This stopped Elsa's train of thought immediately. Did this 'Snowman' know what had occurred before?

The robot did a quick scan on her bio.

"Your neurotransmitter levels indicate that you are experiencing severe depression. In addition, your human body temperature is at 24º Celcius, which is 12º lower of normal body

temperature. Are you ill?" he asked as he reached his hand towards her.

"No NO! I'm fine!" she responded in fear. In her fear, she had accidentally released her icy powers on the robot's hand, encasing it in a thin layer of ice.

"Gasp! Oh no. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Stay away from me! Its for your own good!" she backed away from Baymax, ice spreading from her feet to the floor.

Baymax however, did not move. He instead looked at his slightly frozen appendage, and switched on his heating apparatus within the hands to melt it.

"Conceal don't feel. Conceal don't feel. Conceal don't feel! Conceal… don't … feel" she kept chanting the mantra over and over. She sat in a fetal position in the corner of the room.

Arms of fluff enclosed her prone form. She opened her eyes to see that it was Baymax who was hugging her.

"It is alright to cry. Crying is a natural response to pain, especially to where my hands cannot reach." he lifted her out of her fetal position and placed her sitting on her bed, and then hugged her tightly. "It will be alright. There. There."

Here was a creature so pure of heart, whose adorableness matched the sincerity of his comfort. Elsa could barely hold it in any longer. She had held her ground in front of her parents, so that they would see her as a good girl, but this 'snowman's' comfort had opened the floodgates, and so she cried softly into his soft hide, her tears forming ice as they dropped to the ground.

Baymax opted to use his heating apparatus once more to give her warmth. Elsa couldn't really complain about it. It was indeed a comforting gesture. They sat like that the whole night.

(The next morning)

Elsa Awoke, in both senses, to see a large inflatable thing sitting next to her bed. Her loop memories told her that this was Baymax.

That was the odd part as it was obvious to her that this root is way far back in time to even be developed.

The knock on the door indicated that it was Anna.

"Hey Elsa? Feeling loopy today?"

"Morning Anna. I just Woke up."

The door slammed open. "Oh! Good! Is the marshmallow man still in the room?"

"It's not a marshmallow. It's a robot, an inflatable one that is." She gestured to the robot. His eyes were still closed.

"Is he still sleeping? Yohoo! Wakey wakey!… He's not waking up."

"I think the correct term is that he's in sleep mode. Let me see." She grabbed him with her snowy powers to form a hand and placed him in a standing position. There was a red light blinking dimly from its centre.

"Low batteries. Well, that's an easy fix. All we have to do is to charge … him … up." Anna finished lamely. They were in a period where electricity had yet to be developed yet. "Oh dear. Come on Elsa, you're the nerd in the family, is there anything we can do?"

Elsa responded to that quip with a glare and a pout. Baymax must have kept her warm through the night, thus using up all his power.

Looking through things out of her pockets, she checked for any electrical appliance or outlet. They often loop into fantasy or old-age like worlds, so nuclear era loop items were rarer.

She took out a solar panel and some wires, and got to work. Anna, no matter how well intentioned, was not meant for this kind of delicate work.

(Ding)

The beady black eyes opened. Baymax was once again active.

Looking over the two girls who were celebrating on their success, he lifted his arms in a polite gesture and said, "Good morning Princess Anna, Princess Elsa. Did you have a good rest? My scanners indicate that both of you are no longer in pain."

Thanks to lots of queenly training, it was Elsa who first responded with the improvised explanation, "We are fine, thank you. While you were asleep, we were able to reconcile and make peace with one another. Thank you for your help."

"I am designed to care. You are most welcome."

They sat in the room full of content. But then came the bombshell, which was triggered by Elsa.

"Now what? We can't keep hiding him in my room Anna, nor yours since it is more open. We can't pass him off as a balloon or a toy as balloons weren't invented yet. What to do." She put her hands in a thinking position.

Anna sat down too and folded her arms together, squeezed her eyes closed and thought about it.

Baymax looked bemusedly at the two sisters, not that he knew what was going on.

It was Anna who thought about it first. "Well, we could just roll with it."

"Hmm?"

"Can we keep him Papa?" Anna said with her cutesiest face. Elsa was there right beside her, making the same face. The King could only scratch his head in confusion. From what his little girls told him, this 'magical' creature just waltzed right into the castle, fixed the rift between the two sisters, healed Anna's 'condition' and had a solution to Elsa's magical problem. If it wasn't for the fact that it had mended the two sister's relationship, and fixed the problem within Anna, he would have called the guards by now. The queen, who stood beside him, was equally confused.

"Hello. I am Baymax, a personal healthcare companion. I am programmed to heal the sick and the injured."

"…Right. So you are a doctor?"

"In a matter of speaking, yes I am."

"I heard you had a solution to my eldest daughter's problem?" asked the King.

"Please. She can't be isolated all the time, no one deserves that. Is there anything we can do?" questioned the distressed Queen.

"Indeed there is. My scanners show that there is an anomalous energy within Elsa that allows her to produce ice and snow from her body, thus cooling her body temperature to lower than standard temperatures. However, scientifically, should this build up not be released in any form of manner, then the subject will experience greater difficulty in containing it until the build-up of the energy is greater than she what can contain."

Baymax then lit up his screen on his belly, then he pictured and said, "For visual reference, she is attempting to hold back a leaking dam full of holes with just two hands."

Shutting off his screen, he concluded, "Diagnosis: she needs to release all the pent up energy from time to time. She needs to 'Let it Go'."

Elsa face palmed at the obvious pun, then turned to the cheeky looking Anna. "You told him to say that didn't you?"

"Yep."

ScyBlade

(1.17)

Vergil Woke Up. He was grateful that he was in a kneeling position when it happened. So many Wake Up while in motion, which tended to cause problems.

"Alright," he thought to himself, *"where am I?"*

"Hmm, I already have a Sword of Sparda?" Then the memories hit. *"Oh, HECK NO! Wait, did just go 'heck' in my own head?"*

He was a suit of armor. The very same armor he wore against Master Xehanort. That man had stolen his body, and only strength of will allowed Vergil to continue fighting. By possessing his own armor.

"Right, kick the thief out of my body, get my body back. Preferably in that order, less tedious that way." He began patting down his body for anything that might help him with his self-appointed task.

He pulls out the wayfinder. He could feel various pulls on his being from it. Apparently, he could use it to guide it to others that would help in his cause. *"But, how to get off this... Oh, ho. That can be used as wings."* Putting action to words, the Lingering Spirit, Nelo Angelo, departs.

Riku looked at the animate suit of armor. It had dropped out of the sky and had used martial art skills, and what he recognized as the Beowulf Devil Arm, to defeat a batch of Heartless that Sora had clearly intended to use as a warm-up. Probably the source of the other Ping he had felt earlier.

"Nelo Angelo, I'm surprised to meet you here. Feeling a bit Loopy? I know I am." said the white haired Riku.

"Oh, you know this... being? Do tell." That had come a green faced, horned witch.

"Not so much know him, Maleficent, but know of him. He'll be useful. My name's Riku."

Maleficent grinned, "Tell me, oh Black Angel, do you crave power? I can offer you a great power. All you have to do, is come with us."

In Vergil's next Loop:

Dante was having the time of his life. Vergil could now manifest a katana from pure darkness. And let's not forget that his Sparda was now a Keyblade. And one must mention the Dream Eaters. Oh, yes, this loop was definitely what he needed to break the monotony of the Infinite Loops.

Evilhumour

Keyblades to the Kingdom

Riku had just finished explaining the basic information of the Loops, Fused, Vairents and the whole matter of the Yggdrasil-computer near system crash to the new Looper. Arthur had taken it in with a worried look on his face, occasionally reaching for his inhaler for some air. Riku remembered that Arthur's mom had let the kids go to this island on the scientific basis that the clear air could help clear his lungs and she was dedicated in finding a proper way to cure his asthma after dealing with the other diseases on the mainland.

"Is something the matter Arthur?" Riku asked, eyebrow rising as he watched the kid starting to stand up from the sand.

"I'm worried that I will have an asthma attack that will kill me and then Monday will show up." Arthur frowned.

"Monday?" There was other parts that got his attention like dying but Monday seemed to be a safer question for now.

Arthur gave him a sad smile, something he had only seen in older Loopers. He ran his fingered through his hair, taking his time and trying to take a deep breath before using his inhaler again. "I have to deal with so much that I am not sure how to really beg-" His eyes perked upwards. "You mentioned carrying objects through Loops through subpockets?"

Riku nodded his head, which Arthur smiled at him.

"Do you have any books on you?" Arthur asked as he bent down as he picked up some wood and made a miniature self of sorts.

"Yes, why-"

"Can you take them out and place them on here please?" Arthur asked, smiling at him with a twinkle in his eye that Riku recognized as mischievousness from his many adventures. Riku reached into his subpocket and placed three large books on the self and then steppin back.

Arthur smiled and chuckled, "It worked," as he bent down to pick up a small green notebook that wasn't there a second ago.

"What the?" Riku stared at the notebook which was titled The Compleat Atlas of the House and Immediate Environs before it the words squirmed around to read now The Compleat Atlas of the House, Immediate Environs and soon to be included the Endless Loops of Yggdrasil.

Arthur laughed, shaking his head. "This is the Atlas, and as you can read, it has a lot of knowledge and it can help me really explain what is going on to you."

Arthur placed the book down on the floor, with Riku squatting next to him. As Arthur started to open the book, the boy gave him a look. "You might want to step back. The Atlas gets big when it opens."

Riku blinked again, moving behind Arthur as the green notebook expanded widely taking up a great deal of space. Leaning over Arthur's shoulder, he saw an invisible hand start to write some text in a language he couldn't understand before changing to English.

' *Greetings Keyblade Master Riku, member of the Sith Order, the Jedi Order, the Grey Jedi Order, etc.'*

Riku's eyes went wide as the book listed all of his titles, with Arthur having a small grin on his face. Once the book was done writing his titles it then wiped the page clean with new text filling.

' *I am the Compleat Atlas of the House, Immediate Environs, and soon to be all of the Endless Loops,'*

"It's been adding that one since we figured out time is repeating for all the Secondary Realms, but I'm glad it's shorter now then before." Arthur said, causing Riku to turn his head to look at him. "Atlas, could please explain to Riku, *simply* , what our wor-loop is like?"

' *The House, or as Lord Arthur once proclaimed the blasted Keys to the Kingdom world, is where the former Creator, the Architect, stepped from the void of pure Nothing, breaking off the Old One for reason known to her alone, and began to her eons long project known as the Secondary Realms from her post of what would become Incomparable Gardens, with the Elysium being the true center of existence. She then created the House and it's denizen to observe the Secondary Realms as the unexpected result of eons long project, mortals, were so fascinating. However, she soon grew weary and wished to returned to Nothing.*

Unfortunately, due to the fact she had bonded the Old One in chains before the creation of the universe, she was unable to fully return to the Nothing as nothing in the universe could break them.

She gave control of the House to seven superior denizens along with her seven Keys to be her Trustees would do what she could no longer do. She then had her Will created and given to her seven Trustees who were to cause the destruction of all creation so she may return to the Void. The Trustees; Mister Monday, Grim Tuesday, Duchess Wednesday, Sir Thursday, Lady Friday, Superior Saturday, and Lord Sunday, disobeyed her will on the premise that they did not wish to cease to exist and thus broke her Will up into seven parts and hid them. However, each of the seven parts of the Will used their connection to their Key to influence the Trustee to act in ways that would cause the eventual destruction of the House and the Secondary Realms.

Mister Monday become slothful to the point where none of the records of mortals could be processed along with other facilities operating from the Lower House failing due to the excessive backlog of forms and paperwork.

Grim Tuesday was consumed by his greed for treasure and wealth, to which he stole from the Secondary Realms and used deals with the other Trustees to make various amounts of objects which required raw Nothing to the point where he turned his sustainable spring of Nothing into vast Pit that has ravaged the Far Reaches to the point where a breach into the Void of Nothing is the point where the House usually begins to collapse and dissolve back into Nothing.

Duchess Wednesday was first the Trustee to notice the changes being inflicted upon them when she was compelled to eat, something that Denizens do not require but like to mimic from the Secondary Realms. She had used her Key to restrain her appetite but was unable to attend to her demain, the Border Sea. She realized that this was the work of the Will and wished to fulfil it by finding a Mortal to become Rightful Heir so she would be free of her growing appetite. She had went to Superior Saturday for support against the

other Trustees but was betrayed when Saturday, along with the other Trustees save for Monday, used their Keys against her. They stole her memory, and greatly restricted her power over her Key to the point where she could no longer could control her hunger and began to change into a hundred twenty six mile long Leviathan. She was unable to stop the Border Sea from expanding where it should not have been with many breaches into the Void of Nothing due her using her remaining powers over her Key to keep her size in control.

Sir Thursday was driven to great anger due the constant scheming of the Fourth Part of the Will- '

Arthur huffed, startling Riku. "Of all the parts of the Will I had to deal with, it's the Fourth that causes the most issues." He spoke in an acid tone, clenching his fist. Riku said nothing, letting Arthur explain that bit of history to him later. Turning his eyes back to the book, he saw that the invisible writer hadn't stopped writing.

' *-nd causing the death of many of his soldiers. The only way for Lord Arthur retrieve the Fourth Key and free the Fourth Part of the Will was to fully anger Thursday to point he lost all control over himself. At this point, Lord Arthur had no choice but to strip him of his rank and power, thus removing any possible usage against those actively plotting the downfall of the House, namely Saturday, or the besieging army of the third son of the Architect, the Piper, using both the children he brought into the House and the New Nothings, which he created to be like mortals, to invade the Great Maze on the grounds he was the Rightful Heir to the House.*

Lady Friday used her Key to steal the memories of mortals to 'experience' their lives, rendering them to be husks of their former selves, taking only the good memories from her victims. She seemingly abandoned the Middle House and her Key for whoever claimed it after the fall of Thursday, either the Piper, Lord Arthur or Superior Saturday but it was trap meant to kill whoever reached it first by opening a portal straight to the Void of Nothing. Her practice of experiencing was usually messy due to her lust of mortal experiences, and thus was in the hands of the denizens of the

Middle House, leading to records of mortals lives being delayed for significant amount of time, the weather of the Lower Self being broken for several centuries and other crimes due to her desire to feel a mortal's experiences.

Superior Saturday was destroyed by the fact she believed that Incomparable Gardens should belong to her as she was the first denizen to be created and was determined to find a way to claim the domain for her own, creating a tower to reach the Garden's underbelly so she may launch an invasion. However, the Incomparable Gardens rested upon the Drasil Trees, which grew faster than she could build and the only way to slow them down was the destruction of the lower parts of the House. Her envy of what she believed she was deserved caused the death of many and is the overall foe for Lord Arthur when the Loops begin, although we now know that Saturday, along with the other Morrow Days, was changed by the Six Part to act like this in order to cause the destruction of the House per the Will of the Architect.

Lord Sunday, the first son of the Architect and the Old One, was given the Incomparable Gardens and the Seven Key. This was the highest point of the House and the most powerful of the Keys, the power paramount even in the other domains of the House, let him to proud to the point of grand arrogance and uncaring of what happened in the other parts of the House. His pride stopped him from informing Lord Arthur the truth of the matter of the Will when it could have changed the turn of the events to a far more desirable outcome for everyone involved.

Once Lord Arthur claims the Seventh Key, something forces him to use the Keys to fulfill the Will of the Architect and cause Nothing to destroy all of creation. After Lord Arthur, now the New Architect, recreates the universe and splits off an aspect of himself, not unlike the Old One, the Loop ends approximately ten minutes later.

Lord Arthur has to claim each Key and domain from the Trustee as the Trustees would target his family to get him to hand over his Keys and the only way to protect his family and new friends were to defeat

them all so he could return to his normal life. This comes at the cost as the Keys and the Will begin to change him into a denizen, which began to infect his mind to the point where Lord Arthur had trouble keeping a destructive anger from building as well as start to affect his memory of his mortal family. Lord Arthur wishes to remain mortal as denizens have a negative impact when entering the Secondary Realms but he is constantly forced and manipulated by the collective parts Will's, known as Dame Primus, actions and inactions, among other events to use the Keys as much as possible. This overall plan and desire to stay mortal has become more difficult as the Loops progress, to which the possibility that some of the Trustees are becoming Loop Aware deserves questioning if the Administrator of Lord Arthur's Loop ever makes contact. '

"And that's pretty much my story Riku." Arthur sighed, leaning back against the shack's wall. "What do you think?"

1.1: The poor girl deserves a break.

1.2: Don't even get him started on the mythology pills.

1.3: Looping: Like Splicing, without the drawbacks.

1.4: This is why it's important for people in a relationship to be open about these things.

1.5: And no, neither of them are going to say who yelled.

1.6: Next time, on "All My Headaches..."

1.7: To be fair, that clause was in the fine print of the contract.

1.8: The Birth of a Hero.

1.9: Next, they're going to try to steal Angel Bunny for their boss.

1.10: This transcript was later found in the hands of a N.I.A.R.G.I spy, when the recent *Avengers* sequel starring Ultron gave Marvel and Disney the pull it needed to launch an attack on their regional headquarters.

1.11: Later on down the line, Giorno Giovanna would be quite surprised to Wake Up with mouse ears, and even more surprised to learn that he wasn't Italian by blood this time.

1.12: It wasn't until Maka Albarn and Soul Eater Evans killed Arachne for the umpteenth time that Goofy even realized that he was covered in imaginary spiders.

1.13: For his next challenge run, he would use only one spell, and he would channel it through a stick. Not a wand, a *stick.*

1.14: A confederacy of dunces.

1.15: The defrosting machine arrives at Arendelle.

1.16: The defrosting procedure begins.

1.17: Kingdom Hearts: now more absolutely crazy.

1.18: A simple explanation of a very complex problem.

Chapter 2

A/N: This is a compilation of snippets written in the universes depicted in various works owned by Disney, as part of a greater meta-fictional setting called "The Infinite Loops." Readers are encouraged to look up "The Infinite Loops" on TvTropes for a detailed explanation of the larger Looping multiverse as well as definitions for some of the terms used in the following snippets. None of the authors credited here claim ownershp of any intellectual properties written about below.

Snippets will be presented with the author's name at the top, followed by any title the author chooses to give the snippet.

Chapter 2: Miscellaneous Snippets 2

wildrook

"Dad, what in the Wide World of Sports are you doing?" Max asked him.

"You Awake, Max?" Goofy asked him.

"Define Awake," Max replied, "because the last thing I remember is you Graduating College after winning the X-Games. Again."

"That kind, and I've been wondering when you've Awakened..."

Max then groaned. "I really don't look forward to enduring Puberty multiple times, Dad."

"Comes with the territory."

"Doesn't answer my question why you've turned the Garage into a Laboratory. People are going to notice that you're giving off the Doctor Franken-Goof vibe."

Only difference between the two is that Max is WARY of his Dad's health.

"If this affects my future friendship with PJ and Bobby," Max muttered, "I might as well see how far this goes before putting the ki-bosh on this."

Oh, if you only knew, Max. If you only knew.

"Don't worry, Maxie," Goofy replied. "I know what I'm doing. Just have to put this line together and..."

(Five seconds later...)

"AAH-HOO-HOO-HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOIE!" Goofy yelled, launching himself into Pete's house by accident.

And thus, was a beginning of a bizarre friendship...with Max along for the ride.

"Now I wonder if Huey, Dewie, and Louie are having better luck in Duckburg," Max said. "I had a feeling that one trip to Franken-Goof's castle would come back to haunt me..."

DrTempo

From the Journal of Sunset Shimmer:

Entry 1:

My name is...Houka..or is it Sunset Shimmer?...

I remember being born here on Destiny Islands...but also remember being born in a world called Equestria. I remember both talking to a friend named Twilight Sparkle who told me time was looping endlessly, and trying to kill her.

Both seem like a dream now...Anyhow, today, we're building a raft to see the outside world...I can't wait.

Entry 2:

Ever since that day the islands were consumed by darkness, I've been through a lot. First, I found myself in another world; something I'd always wanted to see since I was young...I then met a woman named Maleficent. She seemed arrogant..like I was in those dreams.

But she said she'd help give me strength to help my best girl friend, Kairi...OK, I had a crush on Sora...But I knew he loved Kairi.

Maybe out of jealousy, or wanting to do something to help, I let Maleficent teach me a few things. I didn't like her. With a name like THAT, come on, who WOULD trust her? But I had no choice at the time. When I saw Sora again, he had a weapon called a "Keyblade." I was curious about it, and when I had it in my hand, it felt like a part of me.

Maleficent tried to tell me that Sora'd abandoned me, but I knew better. Friends never do that. Still, her gift to control the Heartless-beings of pure darkness-was tempting, but I knew I had to be strong on my own merits. I did in, the end, take the gift, but only to use as a last resort in case I was surrounded.

Then "Ansem", a massively powerful Heartless, possessed me after Sora reclaimed the Keyblade after I somehow claimed it, despite my efforts at not becoming his new body...I still feel used.

After "Ansem" was stopped, as I journeyed through a place called Castle Oblivion to face my darkness by going through my memories, I found myself in a world similar to my dreams of Equestria and Canterlot High. I don't understand why I experienced what I'm sure were dreams at the time, but I went on my journey, nevertheless.

I faced my darkness and accepted it as a part of me, and faced "Ansem" again, and defeated him. Now I await for Sora to awaken

as his memories are put back together again...

Entry 3:

Yesterday Mickey, a friend I'd made asked me what was wrong, when he saw something was on my mind. I told him about the dreams I had, and the odd world I'd seen in Castle Oblivion.

His response shocked me.

"So, you're Looping too, huh?"

It was then I learned what the "dreams" I'd had were; memories. They were the real thing: I WAS Sunset Shimmer. That was who I truly was. It explained why my "Dark Mode", the form I'd taken when I harnessed my darkness in my heart to its full power, looked the way it did. It was the form I'd taken when I'd put on the crown that fateful night. Apparently, I'd just begun to experience these Loops, and me having what's called a "Fused Loop" so early on threw my memories off so badly, I couldn't tell the difference in my memories.

And it also explained the odd looks Sora'd given me at first. He was "Looping" as well; in fact he was the "Anchor" for this particular part of the multiverse. Mickey was an Anchor for the "Disney" Loops in general, which were seperate from the Kingdom Hearts Loops (though they did share many similar inhabitants).

I was gonna get Sora back for not saying anything when I saw him again. But for now, I need to make sure that meeting does happen.

Entry 4:

I've had to go through a lot, even having to look like "Ansem" when I had to stop Roxas, who had been created when Sora had to free Kairi's heart, so Sora could wake up from his sleep. But when we did meet again, I did give Sora a good talking to. He apologized for it, saying he wasn't sure where I was from and smiled at me, as he always did...Curse that smile of his.

After that, the whole "Mark Of Mastery Exam" business occured, to be sure we'd be ready for Xehanort, the one responsible for all that had occured, when he returned... Sora's gotten used to the darkness by now, so he didn't end up suffering what Mickey told me he did in the baseline. Even I hadn't gone that far back when I was still a jerk. I'd never literally shatter someone's heart like that.

The Xehadorks' faces when Sora leapt up from his seat during our encounter with the True Organization XIII, the group made of Xehanort's other selves, was PRICELESS. They did not expect their little vessel to have gotten past what they'd done to him.

After that, Sora said the Loop usually ended here, but told me that we would meet again someday, and as I held my Keyblade, Shimmering Sunset, in my hand, I smiled.

Sora is a true friend, indeed...

Entry 5:

I Awoke in a bed I didn't recognize. Shouldn't I be home? I frowned, remembering what I'd been through with Sora and Mickey, and what my Keyblade felt like to give me hope...

And then a flash of light, and my Keyblade appeared. How? Then I remembered Mickey saying some things carried over between Loops...Guess this had, as well...

When I see you again, Twilight, I'll definitely have some questions for you. But for now, I have to find out where I am.

Someday, I'll be home again, and then, Twilight… I hope you forgive this fool.

Blazingen1

(2.3)

Baymax, you're Leaking Everywhere Part 1

Donny the smart one on the ninja turtles' team, watched confused as Mikey hugged an inflatable white robot. Said robot was currently wearing a cyan mask. He kinda looks like the Stay Puft marshmallow man.

"He's like an inflatable ninja! Can we keep him?"

"I am Baymax. My Ninja skills are sweet," said the vinyl robot, Baymax.

Donny could only scratch his head. The robot seemed unusual, and it was very high tech. Vinyl skin, carbon fibre endoskeleton, advanced scanning system tied to highly advanced fibre optics, to say the least. Oh and a very large range of medical techniques and procedures.

"Always wait one hour before swimming," as he had said it.

"I'm pretty sure master Splinter won't mind having him around. What I want to know is... where did you find him? Or rather, where did he come from?"

"MOM! MOM! MOM! LOOK IN THE BACKYARD! THE BOYS HAVE BUILT SOME KIND OF MARSHMALLOW MAN!" yelled a currently UnAwake Candace Flynn. Finally this was her chance to show mom.

Outside, the sudden rain was pouring heavily, considering it hasn't yet rained in Danville for months, it's coming down with gusto. The boys and their friends were working on something earlier but the rain stopped them in their tracks, and thus they were now in their living room.

"What is it this time-Oh my." What she saw in front of her stopped her in her tracks.

What she saw was her two boys, their friends and the fireside girls all leaning or hugging on the large inflatable balloon man.

"Are you satisfied with your care?"

"Hmm. Yes. Yes we are," purred Awake Phineas from under the lump of white. Awake Ferb silently agreed with his step-brother. After a loop of bad experiences with Tradition and others, having a relaxing hug from a soft robot was rather quaint.

"YES! She sees it. Finally, I've busted the boys building one of their crazy contraptions."

"Oh, we didn't build him Candace. He just suddenly walked up to us and asked us about our health. "

"Say what now?" asked a perplexed Candace.

"What's going on boys? And who's this?"

The robot in subject turned his head to face her, lifted up his arms and recited, "Hello. I am Baymax, your personal healthcare companion. I was programmed by Tadashi to heal the sick and injured."

"Um, hello there. Baymax? May i ask what you are doing to my son and the kids?" she said in a tone that expressed her confusion. This had got to be one of those science projects the scientists were making. They did put up a query on producing 'soft robots', as they called it, but to have one currently one in their own home?

"They had gotten wet in the rain, and their body temperature has dropped. i had offered to provide them warmth. They are my patients."

'Well that, and to comfort us I guess.' Phineas reasoned within his mind. It was... tiring to overcome trying loops. Even if they were hundreds of years old, such experiences don't leave very easily.

"Hmm, can I join?"

"Mom!" shouted an indignant Candace.

"Certainly." He answered as the kids made room for the adult. He then looked over to the stressed out teen.

"I heard the sound of distress from you. what seems to be the trouble?"

"But why would you?... but then how did you?... but but but... Urrghhh."

"I will scan you for injuries"

"Don't scan me-"

"Scan complete."

"Unbelievable!" she yelled out in frustration.

"You have sustained no injuries. However, your neurotransmitter levels indicate that you are experiencing great stress. Diagnosis: Use de-stressing methods, like enjoying the company of family and friends... would you like to join your family and friends?"'

"Yeah, c'mon Candace," Phineas and the others pleaded. After a few seconds of pleading Candace eventually caved in.

"Oh fine. Move over Buford." "Hey!" she then laid on Baymax.

She had to admit, this is nice. It was like leaning on a warm marshmallow. Nothing could beat this feeling.

"Oh no! This Charmander needs help right away," said a concerned Nurse Joy, as she dialled up the phone for emergency treatment.

Ash and Pikachu had Awoke early and is to the point where they rescue Charmander, who was UnAwake. This variant however, had

left Charmander in a precarious state, and being locked out of their pocket and stuck with baseline abilities for some reason left them no other option but to rush to the hospital right away.

"Baymax, I need you to prepare a table for the patient right away, Emergeny Procedures Alpha," she said over the phone.

In under a minute, the PokeCentre's door opened to reveal a large inflated marshmallow man, resembling the Stay Puft Marshmallow Man to the loopers, with a nurse hat on his head, waddled in as fast as his tiny feet can go. He pushed a hospital bed along with him.

Picking up Charmander, he gently placed him on the bed.

"i will now scan you for injuries." He said to the unconscious Charmander.

"Scan complete. Your health has depleted, and you are soaked. You need to get dry."

"Baymax, use Heal Pulse please." Ash and Pikachu, and the rest of the gang, watched in awe as Baymax used a yet-to-be-made move on the fire lizard. He lifted both his arms and rubbed them together. A low hum was emitted from his palms.

"My hands are equipped with Heal Pulse Emitters. Clear."

He slowly released a beam of white that slowly healed all of Charmander's injuries. Then he powered down his hands.

Charmander's eyes fluttered open. Baymax, being the nurse robot that he is, took a Sitrus Berry from under the bed and handed it to the Awakened lizard.

"Here. Have a Sitrus berry. It will replenish your health. Are you satisfied with your care?"

The Awake Charmander nodded.

"Thank you Baymax."

"you are welcome, Nurse Joy. I shall now take the patient to his room now." He pushed the bed to the doors.

(After awhile)

"He's not a looper?" asked Charmander.

"We don't think so. I tried asking him about it, but he didn't know what the heck were talking about." Pikachu answered him.

There were just some loops that seemed to be slightly odd.

"It's still not as weird as the time we-"

"We have made an oath to never mention that again Ash. Besides, this is quite normal compared to what we've gone through."

Yep. Just another day in the world of Pokemon.

MrEgret

(2.4)

Admiral Donald Duck sweated nervously as he faced a very angry (Unawake) Darth Vader. The guy was *scary* , even when he had no subspace pocket to call on.

"Perhaps you would like to explain, Admiral, how one lone officer under *your* watch managed to CRASH AN ENTIRE CITY?!" the Sith Lord roared.

Donald gulped. "W-w-well, Mr. Lord Vader, sir, after you secured Cloud City, I had received orders from Imperial High Command to move the city to a more defensible position before the rebels could attempt to recapture it. I had passed the order through the necessary chains of command, and it had fallen to Officer McQuack and his

men to do the actual piloting. He had insisted on steering the city, and he accidentally landed it in the ocean!. It's the God-honest truth, sir!"

There was an agonizingly long pause, and Donald desperately went through a mental checklist of his subspace pocket, looking for something to fight Force-sensitive cyborgs.

Eventually, Vader turned away from Donald. "...I see. Very well. I will have words with Officer McQuack later. You may return to your duties."

"Yes sir, Lord Vader, sir!"

Donald wasted no time in putting several corridors of Death Star between him and Vader. Once he was reasonably certain he wasn't being followed, he nearly melted in relief. *Maybe I'll defect a bit earlier than planned,* he thought to himself *. All this stress isn't good for my blood pressure.*

Blazingen1

(2.5)

WARNING. MAY CONTAIN SPOILERS

Baymax, you're Leaking Everywhere Part 2

"Oh, Pepper, hey. Come over for a sec. There's something id like to show you."

It was a standard awakening for the friends of Tony Stark. First send out a Ping, and then go to Tony's suite in Star Towers for some alcohol and loop discussion. Virginia "Pepper" Potts, secretary/best friend/sometimes girl friend of Tony Stark walked out of the elevator to her friend's home/office.

"Good morning Ms. Potts," said the ever faithful Jarvis.

"Morning, Jarvis. So, what did you want to show me?" she asked.

"Take a look at who i found in the attic of my old home. An unawake me built him as a kid," he said as he motioned for the wall to open. The wall opened to reveal a red storage compartment, with a white something inside.

"Now watch. Ow."

Three beeps. Then the compartment opened to reveal a white head with two beady black eyes with a line connecting the two. It inflated itself into a large white blob. Blinking, it slowly moved forward, one step at a time, until he reached where the two were standing.

He lifted an arm, and waved. "Hello. I am Baymax, your personal healthcare companion. I was alerted for the need of medical assistance when you said "ow"."

"Hey there, Baymax. Just showing you to Pepper. Say hello, Baymax."

He rotated his head to face the curious pepper. "Hello, Ms Potts."

"Okay, you can go do what you want now." With that, tony walked over to his holo-computer and began pulling out files.

Meanwhile, Baymax was currently looking around, until he spotted a soccer ball nearby. He approached it, his mechanical squeaks sounding as he did. The ball moved away. Intrigued, he moved forward again. The ball moved once more. Unbeknownst to the white robot, he was kicking the ball each time, making it move away from him. He continued to do this as both Tony and Pepper watched from afar.

"I'll be honest. It's really cute, but this isn't your usual MO. What brought this about?"

"Well, apparently an unAwake me wanted to help the world, so i built a robot that will help people. And I did. He's installed with all known medical procedures and is made to look huggable and non-threatening."

"He looks like a walking marshmallow," she confessed as Baymax continued kicking the ball around. "And its name, Baymax? Where have I heard of that before?"

"I'm pretty sure you've had. As soon as i woke up and found that I had built him; named him Baymax; i searched my entire database on the Marvel-verse to find a match. I found one, on Earth 616, of the Big Hero 6 comics." He explained as he pulled up images of the team surrounding a green hulk(no, not that hulk) of a robot alongside a young team of superheroes.

Pepper compared the two Baymaxes, looking at the images on the holo-screen then at the 'playful' baymax. "They don't look or act anything alike."

"Personality-wise, they're different. But I assure you this is the same Baymax as earth 616's version. For looks however... I think I can fix that. Jarvis, equip Baymax with 'Backpack BH6."

"Certainly sir," replied the AI butler as a small claw descended from above and attached a red backpack onto Baymax, the backpack latching onto the inflatable robot. It turned to look at the additional equipment given to him.

"Don't tell me. Is it...?"

"Oh yeah. It's exactly what you think it is. Though I can't but fell like I'm forgetting something." Tony pondered for a bit, before just declaring, "oh whatever. Let's see what this puppy can do. Baymax!" he called out to the robot as it looked right back at Tony.

"Suit up."

As he said that, the backpack opened itself up to reveal all its inner mechanics. Armour folded into place onto Baymax's arms legs and chest. Finally, a red helmet plopped into place. As soon as he was finished 'armouring up', he did a little stomp, as if he was trying to show off his new visage. (think Baymax 2.0)

Tony looked proud of himself. Pepper was not so impressed.

"So you made a soft and cuddly robot into another you. Not very impressive," she said to him. But Tony wasn't listening.

"Yea! Big guy! Flex those arms!"

Baymax did as told, and flexed his arms, before pieces of his armour started popping off at great speeds, one of which almost hit pepper if she hadn't done a good rendition of the matrix and avoided armour parts as they flew by her. Tony wasn't hit by any.

"Oh yeah. He needs to deflate a bit first before 'suiting up'," he said unconvincingly.

Baymax approached the downed woman, and stated the obvious, "You have fallen."

"You okay there Pepper?"

"I swear one of these days, if you kill me, I will kill you ten times over."

"I love you too, Pepper."

Conan has had a normal loop so far. Ran was safe (And fully convinced that he is not Shinichi, thank goodness for shadow clones), the Shounen Tantei (Detective Boys) were safe, everyone he knows are safe as they can possibly be, but one should never underestimate what the loops could throw at them, as Conan had learned the hard way. All perpetrators of crime are behind bars as

they should be. Everything was normal, except when the group consisting of Ran, Sonoko and he almost literally bumped into a wall of white in the middle of the sidewalk.

"Sugoi! It's a giant marshmallow!"

"No way! It'd definitely a giant snowman."

"You guys are such baka. Don't you see? Its Baymax from that movie!" exclaimed a bunch of kids from behind the white marshmallow man.

"You think it's really him?"

"No way. It's probably just a promo robot or something."

Said robot rotated his head around to face the group. Both ran and Sonoko were very curious. Conan just frowned deeper and sent out a ping. No response. 'Hmm. Not a looper, but definitely unsusual.'

The white robot lifted one of his hands, and said in perfect Japanese, "Hello. I am Baymax, your personal healthcare companion. I was programmed by Tadashi to heal the sick and Injured."

Just as Conan was about to ask what Baymax meant by that, he was interrupted by loud womanly screeches from Ran and Sonoko.

"KYAAAAHH! Kawaii." "It's just like in the movies, ne?" "That's right! That's right!" "He's so soft!" they said excitedly as they glomped all over the healthcare bot.

'... Sometimes, I just don't understand woman's infatuation with the soft and cuddly.'

Oh Conan. Women are always complicated to understand.

The robot, as though reciting from a script, intoned, "I will scan you for injuries."

Now that got Conan's attention. There is currently no other scanning technology in the health industry in his world ore advanced than the x-rays, but then this robot just scans people for their health?

"Scan complete. You are all in great health, except for that boy over there." He pointed to Conan.

Conan was wide eyed. Everyone's attention was on him, especially Ran. He tried Pinging the robot, but he didn't seem to respond.

'Yabei! This robot is definitely out-of-loop. There's no way current medical knowledge knows about my condition.'

"The Patient is lacking an alarming amount of body cells, and has traces of..."

"AAAAAHHHHH!" he was interrupted by a scream.

Conan's senses were on overdrive. Not only was this robot threatening to reveal his identity, but there was a crime somewhere. Paranoia, honed into a skill, told him to look upwards, where he saw from a building across, there was a man swaying back and forth as if he were falling.

"You!" Conan grabbed the marshmallow-bot by his stubby fingers. "You're coming with me." He pulled the robot along with him as he ran towards where the man might fall.

"Conan-kun!"

"Brat!"

The man finally tipped over and fell over. Judging from the height of the building, Conan does not have enough time to make it in time.

'No one in the way and the cars has stopped on the red light. Only one thing to do," he said mentally as he pushed his power shoes on.

"Get over there!" he yelled, as he kicked Baymax towards the landing point. The man fell into Baymax's large belly like an emergency trampoline.

(Pssssssshhhhh) Went Baymax as the extra air he had gathered for cushioning was released.

Conan checked the patient over and over. He seems to be fine other than the fact that he had slight robe burns on his hands.

"The patient has sustained cranial damage, and has inhaled a dangerous amount of chloroform. He must be treated at once."

Thankfully this medical robot was here to help, but one question that came to his mind immediately upon his discovery was, "Where did he come from?"

This was it. Wall-e was taken to the place where faulty bots were repaired, the repair ward. He was going currently doing a baseline loop as a challenge by mimicking one of the human's hub movies, like Agent 007, where he had gone incognito into the Axiom ship to get the plant back. Eve wasn't awake and there was no response from the Ping.

When he was placed into the slot where he usually is, he realised that VAQ-M was not placed in the slot to his left, but right across him.

Looking to his right, he saw an inflatable white robot that resembles the Stay Puft Marshmallow Man from those hub loops. He had two beady black eyes, and a line interconnecting them both.

He lifted an arm and waved. "Hello. I am Baymax, your personal healthcare companion."

Blinking curiously, Wall-e extended his arm towards the stranger.

"Wall-e."

The robot, Baymax, looked at the extended arm, then at his own stubby one, before extending it to reach over to Wall-e's side; which wasn't very hard considering his size; and shook hands/claws.

He didn't know where this robot came from, or how he got placed into the repair ward, but that doesn't matter. They were all in this together, so that means saving him too.

(A little while later)

SQUUEEEKKKK

That was the sound Baymax made when he tried squeezing through the trash compartment aboard the Axiom. Wall-e looked behind him, where Baymax's head poked through.

"Oh no."

"Ssshhhhh." Wall-e quietly admonished the bot.

"Excuse me as I let out some air."

Bweeeeeeeeeeee

It made quite a loud sound as Baymax deflated, and all Wall-e could do was stare and pray to any gods in Yggdrasil that no one notices it.

(A little more later)

"Halt!" the security drones were currently blocking their way. Wall-e, who has avoided getting directly shocked by Auto, had prepared a bunch of gadgets for this situation was prepared.

That was, until Eve flew over to him and took back the arm he got from her, dragging the slower Baymax along with her. The picture of her going rogue was taken anyway, which annoyed her.

As the droids were firing their suspension beams at the defective robots, one of them tried shooting Baymax with it. It bounced of his white vinyl hide. The droid tried again, and failed.

This got Eve's attention, then grabbed Wall-e("Whoaaa.") and prepared to use Baymax as a makeshift battering ram. Baymax turned to look at her, and then looked back at the security bots. As if knowing what she was attempting to do he softly said, "Oh no."

The security bots were pushed aside, like Mosses, spread like the biblical flood, and toppled over. This allowed all the bots to move across safely by the path made by Eve and Baymax.

(And soon After)

Wall-e was using considerable strength to hold up the platform to stop it from closing fully. He was about to jam it with a small pike, when he felt the weight on his arms lift. Turning to look behind him, he saw Baymax, the gentle giant, holding up the platform all by himself.

"I am capable of lifting 1000 pounds. Go to Eve. I will hold this platform up until the plant is retrieved."

Nodding, he climbed up the walls, with his magnetic caterpillar tracks, towards the captain's control room.

(And finally)

The loop was ending. Thanks to Baymax, the humans learned a lot on keeping healthy, and thus the next generation was stronger than ever.

Looking to his new friend, it was sad to see him go, knowing that he will no longer exist once his loops end. They were currently looking at a sunset together, by the plant they saved.

He reached a claw to the standing figure.

"Friend. I will miss you. "

Baymax turned to look at him, and extended his own hand. They shook it. Then, Baymax lifted him up, and hugged him.

"You are my friend too."

Crossoverparinglover

(2.6)

"Hello, I am Baymax. Your daughter suggested that I should keep an eye on you. Apparently, you are not in good health"

"Your breathing patterns suggest damage to your lungs. Tell me, are you a heavy smoker?"

"Odd, you appear to have suffered extensive skin damage. Tell me, have you been scratching yourself because of illegal chemical ingestion?"

Darth Vader, the most feared man in the galaxy bar only the emperor himself, barely managed avoiding force choking the robot.

Not only was that a habit he was working on quitting, but force choking robots never worked.

Particularly soft and squishy robots.

MrEgret

(2.7)

Introducing... (1 of 4)

Sweat rolled down Donald's cheeks as he pulled out his wand and pointed it at the bomb. The opera box was already quite soggy from his past attempts at dousing it, but somehow, *somehow,* that confounded fuse was still burning!

"Alright, wise guy," he muttered. "Let's see how you like a little Aguamenti on for size..."

Before he could cast the spell, however, a familiar white hand holding a pair of scissors reached past him, and deftly snipped the fuse off below the burning section.

Donald whirled around in surprise, and saw Daisy smile knowingly at him, while putting the scissors back into her handbag. "Donald, if you were having problems with explosives again, you only had to ask!" she giggled.

Donald blushed and chuckled sheepishly while he threw the now-defused bomb away, but something about Daisy's choice of words got his attention. *Wait a minute. Again? This is the first time that this happened this Loop.*

"Uh, Daisy?" he asked. "What do you mean, 'again'?"

Daisy rolled her eyes. "What, you don't remember that time when you tried to do that magic show? You needed Merlin's help to turn back into a duck afterwards!"

Donald nodded to himself. "Oh yeah, now I remember! Huh, that must have happened a few..."

He suddenly paused, and his eyes grew wide as saucers when he realized what he was about to say. "A few Loops ago..." he whispered.

Daisy looked at him worriedly. "Donald, are you alright? You look pale."

Donald looked Daisy in the eye, with a queer mixture of nervousness and hope building in his stomach. "Daisy, this may sound like a weird question, but...have you noticed certain events happening over and over? Like television reruns, only for reality?"

Daisy gasped. "Wait-you've been going through this, too?!"

She took a closer look at Donald's face. "Donald, is something wrong? You're crying a little-"

Donald suddenly pulled Daisy into a tight hug, ignoring her yelp of surprise, and just held her to his chest. Despite the tears rolling down his cheeks, he couldn't stop grinning. *I'll never say anything bad about the opera ever again,* he promised. *This is the best night of my life!*

MrEgret

Introducing... (2 of 4)

Mickey strolled up to the front door of Professor Ludwig von Drake, a bag of sandwiches in his hand. "I hope he's home," he thought to himself as he knocked on the door.

The door opened a crack, and a single blue eye peeked out. "Yes? Who is it? I am very busy with theories that may redefine the entire universe, don't you know!"

"Hiya, Professor! It's me, Mickey! I brought food from your nephew, Donald!"

"Mickey!"

The door flung open suddenly, missing Mickey's nose by an inch, and Ludwig pulled Mickey inside. "It has been such a while since we

saw each other!" he chortled. "Come in, come in! Tell me, Mickey, how have you been?"

"Oh, I've been fine, Professor," Mickey replied, as he stared at the absolutely titanic piles of papers scattered around the Professor's living room. "Say, what's with all the paper lying around here?"

"Scrap paper, Mickey! I know that all these newer scientists like to do their explicating and calculating on their fancy tablets and notebooks and things like this, but me, I've always been a paper man!"

Mickey took a look at a piece of scrap paper, and his eyes nearly bugged out of his head at the ridiculously complex equations scrawled all over it. "Gosh, I can't make heads or tails of this!"

Ludwig laughed jovially. "It's all really simple, Mickey! I'm trying to deduce the exact nature of Time itself! Quite a little puzzler, actually..."

Mickey started in surprise when he heard that. *Time? Ludwig never showed interest in Time before. The future, yes, but not Time...*

"What do you mean, Professor?" he asked, deciding to play dumb for now. "Time's just a linear sequence of events, isn't it?"

Ludwig chuckled, as he took off his spectacles and started polishing them. "Yes, that's I used to think, too. But now, I'm starting to suspect that Time might be a bit more complicated than that."

"How do you mean?" Mickey asked, even while he got a sneaking suspicion of what he was about to say. *Don't tell me...*

"People say that history repeats itself, yes?" Ludwig asked rhetorically. "Well, my history is repeating itself quite a lot! Why, just the other day, I found myself building a prototype for a bathtub teleporter that I distinctly remember never making any plans for. However, I also remembered just as distinctly, that I had made plans for a similar teleporter, and it worked!

"So Ludwig, I asked myself, how can it be that you remember doing something and not doing something at the same time? Such a thing is impossible, even when one takes forgetfulness into account! If memory is not the issue, and memory is how we know of the past, then it stands to reason that *there was something wrong with the past!* You follow me, Mickey?"

Ludwig's grin of triumph faltered a little when he saw that Mickey seemed remarkably calm about this revelation. "Mickey? Hello? Problem with the past? Shouldn't you be shocked by this?"

Mickey smiled to himself. "Professor Ludwig, I think I might know what's wrong with the past."

Ludwig's eyes widened, and he grabbed Mickey by the shirtfront. "Well, out with it, my friend! What's the problem?"

"It's a long story. Let's sit down in the kitchen, and I'll tell you over sandwiches."

After Mickey and Ludwig were seated in the professor's kitchen, Mickey then explained absolutely everything that he knew about the Loops, from the truth behind the Multiverse, to the job of the Admins, to the existence of Anchors and Loopers. Ludwig was confused at first, then shocked, and finally contemplative.

He finally got up from the table and said, "Wait here, Mickey. I need to check something."

He left the room, and Mickey heard the professor mumbling to himself and the shuffling of massive amount of paper.

At length, Ludwig came back into the kitchen, beaming happily, and holding a sheet of scrap paper. "Found it! Theory number three thousand, four hundred and seventy-two!"

Mickey took the paper from Ludwig and started reading it. For the second time that day, his eyes nearly bugged out of his head when he got to the second paragraph. "Professor? Isn't this...?"

Ludwig nodded. "That's right! Your 'Welcome to the Multiverse" speech, down to the letter! I came up with that one at two in the morning, when I had drunk enough coffee to keep an army awake for days on end, so you can imagine my surprise when you said the same exact thing!"

He chuckled to himself as Mickey just stared at him in blank shock. "The Universe always has ways of surprising us, it seems..."

Blazingen1

(2.9)

WARNING COULD CONTAIN SPOILERS

Baymax, you're Leaking Everywhere Part 3

Nightwing, currently Robin, was finding it very difficult to not burst into laughter. Alfred, even though he is usually more reserved, had that twinkle in his eye that indicates his quiet amusement.

Why are they holding in their laughter? Bruce, his mentor and Batman, was currently in the embrace of a giant marshmallow robot. The inflatable robot wrapped it's big stubby arms around him and had his 'head' rested on Bruce's as Bruce continued to work on his Bat-computer.

"Those who suffer from personal loss require contact from friends and loved ones."

"No." His response was quick but Baymax didn't let go.

Earlier, the robot had gone up to his Bat-computer and downloaded everything based on personal loss, and who suffers personal loss more than Batman.

"Other treatments indicate physical reassurance." The white medical unit said, as he lifted one arm and patted Bruce's head. "It will be alright. There. There."

Robin could not contain himself anymore, and burst out laughing at the adorable scene in front of him that does not suit Batman's dark scene at all. Alfred had a thin smile on his face as well.

He didn't know where Baymax came from, or how he got into the Batcave, considering Batman is beyond paranoid for a looper, but it was very amusing to see him not react to Baymax's kind reassurances. Bruce probably knew where he came from, but he's currently not saying anything lest he lose concentration and fall into the trap of cute and cuddly behind him.

'Inner peace.'

Samurai Jack sat on a clearing of a forest on the mountain, eyes closed, using a meditation technique he learned from a Kung-fu fighting Panda. After long loops of never returning home and constant fighting, he has come to accept the times of peace given to him in-between. A samurai he may be, and a warrior of justice even more so, but even heroes needed time to rest and relax.

The he was in is a fused loop between his world and one of another. The future that Aku sent him into was this one, according to his loop memories, and is a lot safer than his baseline.

And so he sat, enjoying the serenity offered by the forest. Down the mountain was a city named San Fransokyo. Although it was a very advanced city in what should have been American borders, it bore a lot of resemblance to modern hub-loop Japan.

He often would go down there to enjoy the culture offered by the mixture of two cultures. He would even go to road-side stands for food.

Regardless, peace did not often come to him. It was times like this too, however, that some form of evil other than just looping Aku, likes to disturb this serenity. Sometimes, they are not even evil, they just enjoy disturbing others.

Take the Warner Siblings for example. As if on cue, they ran past the foliage, with their loud theme music playing in the background, as a portly security guard ran past him to catch them.

"Dah, come back here with youse."

The clearing was empty once more, until of course, there was heavy stomping behind him.

"Ssshhh!" said a voice from behind him. Without even looking, he knew that a little girl in red was currently pulling a giant blue beast along with her, as they tried to find a door back to their own world.

Making no indication that he's heard them, they tiptoed across the clearing, then made a break for it and ran away.

The clearing was silent once more.

'Perhaps now it will stay this wa-'

"AHAHAHA! IVE FOUND YOU NOW, SAMURAI JACK" yelled a currently UnAwake Aku from one of his robots. There was over a dozen or black robots surrounding him.

"NOW! PREPARE TO MEET YOUR DOO-"

"Hitokiri Strike," Jack muttered as he swung his blade once as he propelled forward.

Shiiiiinnngg

All robots in the vicinity were slashed cleanly in half. They slid down from their bodies and exploded soon after.

Cher-clunk

He sheathed his blade. When his finely honed samurai senses told him there was one more robot in the area, he was about to unsheathe his blade and slash it into pieces if it wasn't for the fact that it looked unthreatening at all.

The white robot looked more like a marshmallow, with a large potbelly and a small head, featured with two black eyes and a line. It radiated with a childlike innocence that had prevented it from being cut down with the rest of the other robots.

It lifted an arm, and waved. "Hello. I am Baymax, your personal healthcare unit."

The unit looked very soft and huggable. Like somthing meant for children. Jack relaxed a bit. This was no minion of Aku. He has travelled and experienced too much to mistake this innocent creature as one of his creations.

"I will scan you for injuries." *Beep-beep* "Scan compete. You have sustained a small laceration on your right forearm."

Jack looked to his right forearm. There was indeed a small cut on it.

'Hmm. I seem to be getting rusty. I should hone my skills more.'

"May i suggest an alchohol spray, wiped with hydrogen peroxide to prevent any infections?"

"...Sure. Thank you."

The robot did as it suggested, and cleaned his wound. He then put a band-aid on it.

"You have been a good boy. Here, have a lollipop."

Smiling awkwardly, Jack accepted the gift. He then returned the clearing, back to where he sat. The sun was already going down, but he'd watch it go. Looping can often distract one from the beauties of nature.

'Inner Peace.'

The white robot waddled next to him, observing him, before plopping down next to him. His hands tucked into one another, as he mimicked Jack and watched the sun go down.

'Peace at last.'

MrEgret

Introducing... (3 of 4)

Mickey glared at Master Xehanort as the mad Keyblade master went on about his master plan to restart the Keyblade War. *It's just a shame that Sora's not Awake,* he thought to himself, as he got ready to cast some illusions to cover his and Riku's escape.

Suddenly, right in the middle of his gloating, there was a loud CHOMP, and Master Xehanort yelled in pain, leaping out of his throne and grabbing his rear. He landed in an ungainly heap on the floor and the other members of the new Organization XIII could only stare in open astonishment at what was now sitting on their leader's throne.

Riku did a double-take. "Mickey, isn't that...?"

Mickey suddenly beamed. "Good boy, Pluto!"

The dog in question was grinning, and wagging its tail happily. He held a piece of Xehanort's trousers firmly between his teeth.

Young Xehanort was the first to recover. "You...!" he growled, as he called his Keyblade into existence, and launched a laser beam at the insolent pup.

Except the dog wasn't there anymore. He had jumped off the throne when he saw the Keyblade, and the beam narrowly missed the tip of his tail.

Pluto landed on Master Xehanort, bowling him over, and then trotted over to Mickey. He looked at Ansem and Xenmas, and growled.

"Wha-what?! What is the meaning of this?!" Master Xehanort shrieked, as he got to his feet. "HOW DID THAT DOG GET IN HERE?!"

Pluto spat out the cloth, revealing a small, glowing star attached to his collar. Young Xehanort's eyes widened. "Impossible..."

"Now, Riku!" Mickey shouted, as he pulled out a sketch of a watch. He crushed it in his hand, and suddenly, time slowed to a crawl.

Riku was off immediately, taking full advantage of the slowed time to avoid Ansem and Xenmas. He grabbed Sora, hoisted his body over his shoulder, and was back at Mickey's side just as time snapped back to normal.

"Time to go, Pluto!" Mickey ordered. Pluto nodded and picked up the cloth in his mouth. Mickey and Riku grabbed a hold of Pluto's collar, and they vanished along with Sora in a flash of light.

Master Xehanort slammed his hand on the ground. "Hang that dog!" he growled "Now we'll have to wait for the thirteenth vessel of Darkness to appear on its own..."

He then noticed the time spell keeping him and the other members of Organization XIII pinned to this time period flaking away. "Hmm... No matter. The plan can still be salvaged. The x-Blade will be made anew..."

One by one, the incarnations of Master Xehanort faded away, until the throne chamber was empty once more.

"Wait a minute. Pluto's Looping?!" Riku asked disbelievingly.

Pluto nodded rapidly. He seemed extremely pleased with himself.

"Yep!" Mickey replied cheerfully, as he patted Pluto on the head. "Just Woke Up recently, too. Apparently he Replaced Rex the Wonder Dog in a Fused Loop with DC before we finally ran into each other while Awake."

He laughed to himself, as he went to go check on Sora. "Imagine my surprise when I heard him talk for the first time!"

Riku stared at Pluto with wide eyes. "You can talk?"

Pluto nodded.

"Then why didn't you say anything when you showed up in Castle Oblivion?"

Pluto shrugged and, replied, "Well, I couldn't think of anything especially apropos to say at the time."

Riku wasn't sure what he found weirder: the fact that Pluto could talk at all, or the fact that he spoke with a *cultured British accent* .

The silver-haired boy sighed and went to go check on Sora, with Pluto following close behind. *Well, this is going to be interesting,* he thought to himself.

MrEgret

Introducing... (4 of 4)

Oswald and the Blot faced each other on the blasted peak of Mickeyjunk Mountain. Despite the chills racing up his spine, Oswald stood his ground against the inky menace.

"Hey, ugly!" he yelled, drawing the Blot's attention to himself. "Pick on somebody your own size for a change, huh?"

The Blot surged forwards instantly, making a snatch for him with one of his claws, but Oswald was already moving, leaping out of the way, and bounding over to the exposed opening of the Thinner Bottle. He prayed that Ortensia would stay away, so that she wouldn't have to see him sacrifi-

Wait, what's with all these fireworks?

Oswald just stared at the piles upon piles of fireworks that were arrayed in intricate patterns around the Thinner Bottle. I don't remember setting these here...

Suddenly, he saw the shadow of the Blot fall over him. He slowly turned around and saw the Blot rear back to deliver the killing blow. There was nowhere he could run, not without compromising the plan. He closed his eyes and awaited his fate. Ortensia... I'm sorry...

"FIRE ALL!"

Suddenly, every single firework lit simultaneously, and streaked upwards in a graceful arc, before coming down on on the Blot's head. Oswald clapped his hands to his ears, as the air was filled with the sounds of rockets going off and the pained screams of the dying Blot. He stumbled away from the noise, tripped, and smacked his head against a giant bottle cap embedded into a large rock. Just before he passed out completely, he saw a familiar black shape looking over him.

Oswald awoke (and Awoke) in a comfy bed with large pillows, in a brightly-lit room. "Huh. Ortensia's house? Not a bad start."

"Glad to see you're Awake," Ortensia said, as she walked into the room with some aspirin and a glass of water. "Mickey said that you had some medicine for that bump on your head in your subspace pocket, but this should help with your headache."

Oswald looked at her confusedly. "What headache?"

Then, he winced as some sick maniac set off a firecracker in his sinuses. "Ah, that one," he wheezed.

He took the proffered aspirin, dry-swallowed them, and then knocked back the glass of water, while Ortensia looked on with some concern. "Feeling better?" she asked.

"Better."

Ortensia moved and sat on the bed next to Oswald. "So, what happened while I was out?" he asked.

"Well, Mickey and I set up that trap we were talking about last Loop, the one with the fireworks. When you went up to try to trick the Blot into the Thinner Bottle, we set it off and the Blot blew up something fierce."

She grinned weakly. "I maaaaay have overestimated the amount of fireworks needed to kill it, though..."

"How many did you use?"

Ortensia rubbed her arm, and blushed a little. "All of them."

Oswald's eyebrows shot up. "Wow."

"Yeah. After we got you out of the way of the resulting tidal wave of Paint, we had to reassure everyone living in OsTown that Mickeyjunk Mountain wasn't a volcano."

Oswald chuckled. "Must've been quite a bang."

"Yeah. Sorry."

"No worries; we can always make more fireworks. I imagine that reconstruction efforts have already started?"

"Yep! Gremlin Gus has a contingent of Gremlins patching Mean Street together as we speak. You planning on joining them?"

Oswald smiled. "Yeah, but I think I'll take a little breather first."

Ortensia crawled up onto the bed and curled up next to him. "Good. I'll join you."

For the next few minutes, Oswald and Ortensia just rested together in blissful silence. Oswald stroked Ortensia's head absently, and listened to her quiet purring while her tail flicked back and forth. *Yeah, definitely not a bad start at all.*

Blazingen1

WARNING! MAY CONTAIN SPOILERS!

Big Hero 6 Loops, Awakening Part 1

Waking up falling from his bed was not the way Hiro expected to start his morning.

"You okay there sleepy head?"

Hearing his brother's voice for the first time in over a year was even more so.

"Tadashi?"

Opening his bleary eyes to see his brother back

"Wha...? Tadashi!"

Hiro scrambled to get up and preactically crashed into his older brother.

"whoa whoa there, little brother, whats gotten you so worked up?"

Hiro was confused. He was crying. He had never hoped to hear his brother's voice again, not since that night where he went into the fire. Losing his only blood relative left in his world was devastating, especially for a growing 14 year old.

...But was that really the case?

Once Hiro has calmed down, he told his brother about waht he had remembered. his brother concluded that what he had was merely a vivid dream caused by nervousness, since he was a rather shy boy and he was going to demonstrate his invention to a large crowd.

Hiro accepted the most probable theory.

'I hope he's right.'

'No...' he had been wrong. He had been very wrong.

'No no no No NO!' Hiro mentally yelled in his mind. It had all gone exactly according to the 'dream' he had. His brother is running towards the fire where he died that night.

"TADASHI! DONT GO IN THERE!"

Hiro, still panicked at the same thing happening again, had mistimed his approached, and followed his brother into the burning building, at the exact moment the secondary explosive was triggered. The concussive blow was enough to kill anyone close to it lest a 14 year old boy. Hiro died burning.

"GAAAHHH!"

Hiro woke up once more falling off his bed.

"What? What?!"

It took a moment for the heavily breathing hiro to calm down and answer his confused and panicked elder brother.

"NOTHING! Nothing. It was just a nightmare."

"That doesn't sound like just a nightmare."

"... I dreamt that I lost you." It seemed that Hiro didn't want to say anymore than that. Sometimes being the older brother is rather difficult when his little brother is a hormonal teenager. So he did what he could, and just gave him a hug. Hiro hugged him back, but his mind was racing at what he had remembered.

He was alive when he should be dead. He now had three sets of memories, and it seemed like he had travelled back in time.

'Just what is going on here?'

It had happened again. That was the thoughts of Hiro Hamada, the young prodigy, held a hand against face as he tried understanding what was wrong with time. Everything had gone exactly as it did in the first timeline, except for the part where Tadashi perished. He had managed to stop his brother from entering the building, but he had not prevented the effects of the fire on him.

(flashback)

"TADASHI! NO!"

Tadashi looked back at his distressed brother, holding him back.

"Someone has to help."

"NO! Im not loosing you! You're the only brother I have left. Don't leave me!"

"Hiro..." tadashi was conflicted. Just as he was about to make his decision, he looked back at the burning building and noticed the secondary explosion.

"Look out!" as Tadashi his brother shielded him from the blast.

"TADASHI!"

(End flashback)

People say that Hiro should be thankful. He should be grateful. Because it could be worse, and at least his brother is alive and breathing. They were right. Worse things could have... had happened, but now his brother's pain is prolonged. He had avoided death that night, but the blast still burnt the right side of his face and probably had 2nd and 3rd degree burns all over his body. Not to mention the coma he is in right now. Hiro visited every day, when he's not busy that is. Right now, he was in his corner of the room monitoring the space probe he sent up there.

He needed evidence that time had repeated itself lest he look like a crazy kid with an overactive imagination. It has happened before, with that police officer. Over the period just before the presentation, in secret, Hiro had worked on a separate project. It was difficult to hide it from his older peers, but with some stealth, he launched a geostationary satellite to observe the earth.

Hiro sighed. For a genius, this dilemma was certainly taking its toll on his psyche. Usually it was simple for his big brain to comprehend the problems in front of him, but this time loop thing was defying all known theories on time travel.

"Sigh." He hit his head on his desk. "Ow."

Three beeps and the huggable white vinyl robot Baymax inflated himself from his red charging station and waddled over to Hiro.

Hiro had taken the liberty of visiting the Lab and borrowing Baymax for the time being. It was rather difficult to convince the other members of his former Hero group not to ask why he wanted to borrow Baymax, but in the end they settled for his reasoning that he wanted to make a system in Baymax that will help Tadashi heal faster.

Anyways, Baymax waddled over to Hiro. He lifted an arm and waved.

"Hello. I am Baymax, your personal healthcare companion. I heard a sound of distress. What seems to be the trouble?"

"Baymax I need you to scan me. Tell me of any abnormalities within my brainwaves."

"I will scan you now." *Beep-beep* "Scan complete."

"...Baymax?"

"Your neural transmitter activity indicates that you are experiencing stress and exhaustion; you should rest; but there are no abnormalities in brainwave activity."

"... So nothing's wrong with my brain huh?"

'So why am I remembering three timeline's worth of memories.'

"... This doesn't make any sense."

Although the details of each timeline were different, there always seem to be points that are the same, a 'fixed point' so to speak. How his parent's death differed each timeline. One was in a fire, another was in a car crash and the first one... he couldn't even remember.

"Tadashi."

Baymax spoke up after a few moments of silence. Hiro looked to the white marshmallow staring at the hat placed on Tadashi's bed.

"Tadashi."

Was that... grief he's hearing from Baymax? It sounded as if Baymax grieving for his creator?

"He's in the hospital, Baymax. He saved me from the explosion, and got 2nd and 3rd degree burns all over his body. He's currently in a coma, and the Doctors have no idea when he'd wake up... But that's not the only problem."

Hiro stood up and walked over to Tadashi's bed, completely missing the widening of Baymax's eyes. Baymax was 'surprised'.

"Baymax, you must think I'm crazy or something but its true! I swear on all my knowledge that time is repeating itself... sigh. Now I'm just making myself look crazy in front of a nurse robot for all sakes. Heck, I'm sure you're gonna call for an ambulance right about now."

Silence followed after that. After waiting for a response and getting none, his attention pointed to Baymax, who appears to be wide eyed and blinking repeatedly.

"...Tadashi is alive? Did he not perish in the fire?"

Hiro's eyes widened. From what he said, it was if Baymax already knew Tadashi was supposed to die in that fire.

"...Yeah. He's alive. I stopped him in time before the secondary explosion kicked in. Why do you ask?"

"It is because I have conflicting data that suggests otherwise."

Hiro walked up to Baymax, eyes still fixed to his.

'No... It can't be him, right?'

"Baymax, repeat what was mentioned in the conflicting data."

With a quick scan to his memory card, he replied, "You said, quote: "Yeah. He should have. But there was a fire, and now he's gone." Unquote."

It really is him. Hiro's eyes watered up, not able to fully keep in his relief, his sorrow, and all kinds of other emotions. Whatever has happened to him was also happening to Baymax as well, but first, one final test.

"Baymax. Fistbump?" He said as he held out a fist.

Baymax lifted his own fist, and in and mimicked an exploding motion with his fingeres. "Balalalalaalalaa."

"BAYMAX!" Hiro practically tackled hugged the soft robot. It is really his Baymax, the one who stood by his side and became part of his family. he wrapped his arms around as tightly as he could onto the robot's large inflated belly.

"It's you! It's really you. I'm not alone in this," he said sobbing into Baymax's vinyl hide.

Baymax, who was still confused, but feeling the sentiment behinds the words of his friend, just hugged him back, wrapping his big chubby arms around Hiro. Two friends had reunited.

MrEgret

(2.13)

It had started out as a relaxing vacation.

Just a quick visit to a neat old hotel that was recently reopened, before they set off on their flight to London the next day. Nothing fancy, nothing overly elaborate. Just a relaxing overnight stay, before heading off on their flight after breakfast.

"Ludwig, they're getting closer!"

"I know, Donald! Just focus on helping Mickey keep that ward up! Goodness me, the wiring of this elevator..."

They did not anticipate the hotel being *cursed* .

In retrospect, that was a rookie mistake. Always anticipate curses in old buildings, especially if there's a terrible fire in the building's history.

Proton streams crackled through the air as Minnie and Daisy blasted at the approaching ghosts with makeshift proton packs, made from vacuum cleaners and neon lights and held together with duct tape and sheer force of will. Those ghosts that weren't atomized by the coruscating energies shrieked horribly and clawed at the glowing bubble of force that surrounded the party. Despite the best efforts of Mickey and Donald, the force field was slowly shrinking.

"Oswald! Ortensia! I need a stuttered pulse of electricity through Connections 3 and 4!" Ludwig barked. "And quickly!"

Oswald and Ortensia pointed matching remotes at the indicated connections, and started zapping them in three-second intervals, while Ludwig pointed at some unidentifiable piece of machinery deep within the elevator with a sonic screwdriver.

Dodging an errant discharge of protons, Minnie fell back towards Mickey, who was still standing proudly despite his legs shaking from exhaustion. "Mickey, shouldn't you call down the thunderbolt now?"

"I tried that...when...the ghosts...showed up..." he panted. "Regular...sorcery's...all I've got left. Stupid...hotel...curse..."

There was a resounding *CRACK,* as the force field began to splinter *.* Donald and Daisy moved to stand back to back, because if they were going to end the Loop by being killed by ghosts, then by the Nine Old Men, they were going to go out in style.

Oswald snarled in frustration, and smacked the side of the elevator door. "Open up, darn it!"

As if on cue, the elevator door sprung open with a cheerful *ding.*

Everyone, ghost and Looper alike turned to look at the open door. Oswald looked from the door to his fist, and back to the door. "Uhhh..."

"CHEESE IT!" Ludwig yelled.

The Loopers promptly hurled themselves into the elevator, right before the force bubble shattered completely, and the ghosts howled in outrage at being denied another set of victims. Minnie and Donald kept an eye on Mickey, who had collapsed after getting within the elevator, while Oswald punched in the floor number, and then hammered the "Close Door" button repeatedly.

The doors swung shut just in time, as one of the ghosts lunged for the clustered Loopers. Fortunately, thanks to the curse leveled on the hotel, the elevator was no more penetrable to the ghosts that haunted it than it was to the living.

"That was way too close!" Daisy stammered.

"Yeah..." Donald agreed. "Whose idea was it to book our rooms here, anyway?"

Everyone present slowly turned and looked at Mickey, who was just coming to.

"Ohhh, my head…" he groaned, as he sat up. He then noticed everyone staring at him with varying degrees of stinkeye. "What?"

After narrowly avoiding death by ghost, the Loopers spent a few minutes just bumming around on the elevator as it steadily rose to the top floor.

And rose.

And rose.

And rose.

Minnie was the first to realize that something had gone wrong.

"Um, guys?" she asked. "Shouldn't we be at the top floor right now?"

"Yeah, we should!" Mickey said, as he came to the same realization. "The hotel's messing with the elevator! Let's get out of here!"

Right before the Loopers could force open the emergency exit, the speaker in the elevator crackled to life.

"ATTENTION: THIS ELEVATOR IS SCHEDULED FOR ROUTINE MAINTENANCE. PLEASE CHANGE ELEVATORS ON THE NEXT FLOOR. THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION."

"Not like we have much of a choice," Donald grumbled, as the elevator slowly ground to a halt.

The elevator doors rattled open with a *ding* , and Mickey and Donald peered out into the brightly-lit hallway. "Donald, are you seeing what I'm seeing?" Mickey asked.

"If what you're seeing is something that look like the set of an old episode of the Twilight Zone, then yeah."

The Disney Loopers tentatively stepped out of the elevator, and looked around the hallway. It resembled a regular hotel hallway, save for two important factors.

First, while the lobby and the lower hallways had looked old, though lovingly tended to, this hallway seemed to be brand new, as if the hotel had opened during the last five months rather than during the last eight decades.

Second, and more obvious, was the fact that absolutely everything, except for the elevator and the Loopers themselves, was in black and white.

"I'm having flashbacks to my cartoon days..." Oswald muttered, as he looked at himself in one of the mirrors. "If that stork shows up again, he's getting an earful."

"I don't think we'll have to worry about the stork, Oswald," Ortensia replied, while peering out one of the windows. "Look at that thunderstorm!"

Ludwig took out a preposterously ornate watch. After scrutinizing it for a few seconds, he then pulled out a cup of tea, dipped the watch in it a few times, then checked again. "That can't be accurate..."

"What's up, doc?" Oswald asked, walking over to him, and looking over his shoulder.

"Ah, this people-finder is on the fritz again," he lamented. "It should be pinging like a Looper with monophobia, what with all of the people in this hotel and the like, but right now, the only people it's registering are in our group!"

"Whoa, hold on! We're the only ones on this floor?" Oswald asked.

"No; we're the only ones in this hotel!"

Before the two geniuses could ponder the conundrum further, Mickey and Minnie peered around a bend in the corridor, and yelped in surprise. "Hey! Take a look at this!" Mickey yelled.

The others hurried over and took a look down the corridor. Some of them had to rub their eyes, to make sure that they weren't playing tricks on them.

There, instead of a hallway, was a rain-slicked street, like something straight out of a cyberpunk Loop. The tastefully wallpapered walls

had given way to dilapidated storefronts, and the ceiling was replaced with a gloomy night sky, filled with rain clouds and the occasional flying vehicle. In the distance, there was enormous skyline, glowing with neon signs depicting various Japanese kanji. The rain was coming down in buckets, adding a distinct noir-like feel to the whole scene.

The only thing that remained of the hotel corridor was the elevator door at the end of where the hall was supposed to be. Its shining brass grille and ivory-white buttons provided a sharp contrast to the monochrome scene.

Mickey's eye twitched. He was being reminded of Mizrabel's castle, and not in a good way. Minnie's hand felt her way into his, and he gripped it tightly. "Well," he sighed, "there's the elevator, fellas. We better get moving if we want to get our stuff and check out of here."

"Right."

The Loopers braced themselves, before walking out into the stormy night. As they made their way down the street, Donald looked back for a second, to make sure that Ludwig and Daisy were following.

The hallway where they had just come from was nowhere to be seen.

As the elevator trundled ever upward, the Loopers were able to catch flashes of other floors through the brass grille. Much like the floor they were previously on, they looked nothing like hotel floors. Among other things, they saw:

A warped backstage area of a Broadway theater, where the lights bounced off of a thousand, thousand dusty mirrors.

A child's bedroom, all colored in pink and white hearts and clouds, except for a single closet painted black.

The burning remains of a city, with all of the people replaced with cardboard cutouts depicting screaming mobs.

A tableau depicting a party in a speakeasy during the Twenties, save that all of the people were faceless mannequins that desperately needed dusting (it took a while for the Loopers to stop sneezing afterwards)

A pitch-black area, where nothing could be heard, save the endless clanking of some great machine, and the monstrous groans of several unseen beasts.

And so on, and so on, and so on.

"Say, fellas?" Mickey asked. "You ever get the feeling that you just wandered into somebody else's story by accident?"

"How do you mean, Mickey?" Ludwig asked, while he and Oswald fiddled with the people-finder to pass the time.

"Well, normally, with the "cursed hotel with illusions" plotline, we'd be running into some sort of nightmarish confrontation with our own deepest fears and insecurities right about now. This just feels like a bunch of random rooms."

Donald nodded. "Yeah, I've been noticing that, too. We should be knee-deep in ghosts by now. What gives?"

Daisy was a bit more confused about Mickey's statement. "You've been through this before?"

"Yep. Eighteen times, as of now. It was scary the first few times, but it gets kinda boring after a while."

Minnie and Ortensia, in the meantime, were poking around the elevator, when they came across the compartment usually reserved for the emergency telephone. Seeing as there wasn't anything else noteworthy about the elevator save the occupants, they opened it

up. As expected, there was no telephone, or indeed any way of calling for help. Instead there was a beaten-up, torn journal.

"Probably from one of the previous passengers," Minnie reckoned. "Maybe there's and explanation for all this nonsense." She cracked the journal open, wrinkling her nose at the scent of mildew, and started skimming through the pages.

To whoever comes after

If you are reading this, then I am, in all likelihood, already dead or worse. This hotel is a place for the damned, where they wander through twisted reflections of all they might have been and all they will never be. There is an evil here, vast and eldritch, that imprisons all that come here. We didn't realize, no! We were just bystanders, come for a costume party! We were once eleven, but now there is only me. The others were taken, by the ghosts and the floors and the hell of it all. Oh! Oh! Impossible angles, times that never should have been, things that should not be! There was a floor, where the dead walked again! Alive and not alive, dead and not dead! I was a doctor, you know, and I knew that they could only lie still! But they walked! They sang! They SHRIEKED!

I must escape soon. I can hear the walls beginning to whisper, sing softly of lands that should not be! But I am too clever for them! My escape is assured and my tale will be known to

---

Minnie flipped through the rest of the journal, which was blank, before gingerly closing it. "Okay, I think I know what's going on, guys."

Everybody looked up from what they were doing. "Well, what is it, Mins?" Mickey asked, while putting away a paddle-ball.

"We're in one of those cosmic horror story deals where a bunch of unsuspecting people are subjected to Things Man was Not Meant to

Know, and go crazy."

The other Loopers looked at each other. "I don't feel particularly crazy," Daisy said. "What about you, Donald?"

"Nope. I feel fine."

Mickey shrugged. "Maybe it's like the Library at that Unseen University we visited a while back: the stuff we've seen would drive any man insane, but, well, none of us are actually *men* , are we? I mean, Minnie and I are mice, Donald, Daisy and Ludwig are all ducks, Oswald's a rabbit and Ortensia's a cat, so..."

The other Loopers nodded. They could see his point.

"So, if the whole point of this hotel is to drive men mad, and none of us are men...then what are we doing wasting our time here?" Mickey finished.

There was a few seconds of silence, save the clattering of the elevator as it rose into infinity.

Donald sighed, and pulled out an unusual metal rod that looked like a chrome, stylized version of his Mage's Staff. "Alright, if nobody's going to do it..."

He pressed a few buttons and several blue lights embedded within the rod lit up.

[Ready]

"Okay!"

Donald planted his feet firmly on the floor of the elevator, and pointed the rod at the wall. "Royal Quackery! Engage Shooting Mode!"

Mickey and Minnie's eyes widened, and they quickly moved to the other side of the elevator. The newer Loopers just looked confusedly at them. "What's the big deal with that rod thingy?" Daisy asked.

"Daisy, remember when I gave you that rundown on the various magic stuff that you could find in the Loops?" Minnie asked.

"Yeah...?"

"That's an Intelligent Device. A magic item from Nanoha's universe. It's the thing that lets people do Divine Busters."

The other Loopers quickly joined Mickey and Minnie. They may not have been Looping long, in the grand scheme of things, but even they had heard of Nanoha. And her way of "befriending" people.

Donald grinned savagely, as Royal Quackery extended from a simple rod to a full staff, and a set of magic wings manifested around the "hat" of the device. "Releasing shooting locks!"

[Shooting locks released. Please install cartridge.]

Donald snapped his fingers, and a cartridge fell out of his subspace pocket into his hand. He attached it to the side of Royal Quackery, and a rather large magical circle manifested underneath him.

The brass grill of the elevator started to ripple and change, as if the hotel could sense the preposterously large amount of magical energy that Donald was about to bring to bear. Mickey could see it changing, from brass to iron and from iron to steel.

Donald snickered to himself. "It's been way too long since I did this." He flourished the staff, and jabbed it at the wall. "DIVINE BUSTER!"

Everyone within a quarter of a mile of the old hotel jumped in shock, as several floors of the hotel were obliterated by a massive blue beam of energy. Those who were especially close to the blast claimed to have seen or heard all sorts of unusual phenomena afterwards. The most common reports were of "shining figures" flying up and away from the hotel after the energy beam had died down,

though reports of squamous tentacles being deep fried and inhuman mouths screaming in agony from the top windows were not unusual.

The local authorities could offer no explanation for these reports, other than a flimsy explanation involving gas leaks. The ruins of the hotel would be visited for months afterwards by all sorts of individuals form paranormal investigation teams interested in the reports of ghosts, to research teams from prestigious universities, who were trying to find what exactly caused such a massive burst of energy. The "Big Blue" incident would be a subject of national interest for years to come.

Donald wiped his brow, as he put Royal Quackery back into his subspace pocket. "I forgot how exhausting those Divine Busters can be. I really need to practice more often."

The other Loopers simply stared in shock at where the wall of the elevator used to be. They could see down the length of the entire hotel, where the beam had simply erased an entire floor's worth of rooms.

Mickey was the first to recover, and he gingerly stepped out of the elevator, which had stopped ascending after getting a second exit forcefully installed. "Okay. Nice work, Donald. Now, I think we should get out of here before the police arrive; this is going to be kinda tough to explain."

Donald flushed with embarrassment. He had forgotten about that. "Oops."

Daisy whistled. "Wow. You think you can teach me that, Donald?"

Donald got a bit flustered. "Uh, well, um..."

Daisy laughed, and gave him a kiss on the cheek. "My hero."

It wasn't until he was on Mickey's Gummi Ship and flying away from the ruins of the hotel that Donald finally stopped grinning.

Blazingen1 and Crisis

(2.14)

Big Hero 6 Loops, Awakening Part 2

"How is it you remember that what happened in the last timeline?"

"I was not aware of what happened in the previous timeline but my memory data suggests otherwise. I also contain medical files scanned from many other patients, one that are not present in San Fransokyo."

"Hmm. Baymax, can I open your access port for a bit?"

Baymax nodded. Hiro pushed it open, revealing not only the Baymax's green data chip, but a purple data chip, that obviously wasn't there the first time as well.

"Did Tadashi program another data chip?"

"My internal scanners do not detect the presence of another data chip."

"Huh. Must be faulty."

Baymax not knowing Hiro was referring to the chip, he replied, "I will initiate an internal scan to check for any irregularities within my circuitry."

Hiro turned the data chip around to see the hidden message on it.

"To: Hiro Hamada?" he said curiously. Figuring that the data chip was meant to be sent to him, he inserted it into his computer and

watched as over 400 terrabytes of data poured out of it. Hiro's eyes widened.

"Whoa."

Quickly glancing over the contents, he selected one labelled "Blueprints".

"...this is some sick tech." Inside the file were detailed blueprints of many inventions, unknown to him and this world.

"Look at all this. 'repulsors', 'mutagen', 'tree house robots?' Look at this, its compact version of your armour. Whoever designed this is a genius. And this! 'Heal pulse emitters'! If I'm reading the calculations right, it's meant to stimulate quick and harmless cell regeneration to the point of healing! I could use this to cure Tadashi! But the materials required... oooh. They're not gonna be easy to get."

Meanwhile as Hiro engagingly scanned over the contents of the data chip as well as making mental notes of some ideas he concocted, Baymax had finished his internal system scanning, and had noticed a flaw.

"Hiro, I have some concerns."

"A-huh." He answered rather distractedly, still looking over all the files in the data chip.

His programming that once said 'You will not harm another human being' has become 'you can choose not to harm another human being'. Instead of being hard-coded into his programming, it's become an easily overridden subroutine. In other words, rather than an imperative, it's become a suggestion, one that he now actually has to consciously follow rather than being instinctive. Thus Baymax concluded that he may be malfunctioning.

"From my internal scans, it indicates that there is a fault within my programming."

"A-huh." Again, another distracted response.

Remembering the events that almost led to Callaghan's death at his own hands, and the minor injuries he may have caused to Hiro's teammates, Baymax silently decided that he should go somewhere else, since malfunctioning medical care units can possibly harm patients, especially with safeguards offline.

"In the interests of keeping you safe, I shall move to a secluded area where I can safely power down for repairs, since I cannot deactivate unless you say you are satisfied with your care."

"A-huh. You go do that."

Still distracted by all the data extracted from the disk, Hiro never noticed when Baymax walked out of the room.

Hiro hmmed as he scrolled through the contents of the data card. "Patients?"

He clicked on the icon, and was awarded with different video files and bio-data of many other patients. He quickly played a video of a cherry blond little girl playing in the snow, then to two boys, one with a triangular shaped head and the other looking like an "F", a platinum blonde little girl blast ice of all things to Baymax's hand, one depicting a purple unicorn, then one of a red lizard with a flaming tail and finally he glanced over one video about a rusty square-ish robot.

"Hmm. Interesting. Hey Baymax, do you remember any of these people?"

Finally noticing there was no response, did he turn to look at the room, empty of the huggable white robot.

"Baymax?" panic engulfed Hiro as he scrambled around the room. "Baymax?"

Tire screech!

Beeep-beeep-beeeep!

Poking his head out of the blinds, like he did the first time Baymax disappeared, his mind immediately went "Oh no." He looked out the window as Baymax waddled as fast as his short stumpy legs could go, not towards the abandoned factory where Callaghan was, but in the direction of the mountains.

"Oh no, Baymax!" he yelled as he scrambled for his clothes.

'Not again!'

Finally cathching up to the white balloon, huffing and puffing mind you, did he stop to catch his breath, and saw that Baymax was sitting in a forest clearing completely alone.

*Huff**Huff**Huff*

"Baymax, are you crazy?! What're you doing?!"

"I was removing myself from your presence to safeguard you from any harm I can possibly create."

"Huh?"

Baymax explained the diagnosis of his internal systems, where his programming now is no longer followed the original settings. What Baymax doesn't know, is that from what is being explained, Hiro's genius mind went over all laws of robotics, and from that, did Hiro figure out that Baymax may no longer be following any of them at all. In other words, Baymax is now a robot with "Free Will".

"I do not wish to harm anyone." If Baymax had a face, he would be having a sullen expression as he looked down at his belly.

"Then don't."

blink

"Look, Baymax, accidents do happen at times, but part of having Free Will means that if you don't want something to happen, then you do your best to make sure it doesn't."

Hiro slowly walked up to the sitting robot.

"If you're worried about the time I removed your healthcare chip, then don't... That was my fault, not yours. I am never making that mistake again. That wasn't you, that was me. I programmed the karate chip, and I was the one who was angry to the point that for a moment, killing Callaghan was all that was in my mind. But you? You are a healthcare robot, one who was just given the 'freedom of choice'."

He placed a hand on Baymax's shoulder and looked at him straight in the eye. "You are what you choose, and those decisions will shape you to be who you are. You can choose to be healthcare unit, or you can choose to be a hero, it's your choice. Sure, it can be hard and scary at times, making your own decisions with no foreknowledge of what could happen, but that doesn't mean it's any less worthwhile. And you still want to help people, right?"

Baymax was silent for a bit, before answering.

"I do wish to fulfill my design as a health care unit."

Smiling, Hiro replied, "Well, you're not going to do that moping around here."

He reached out his hand. Baymax grabbed hold of it. Together, they hoisted his body upwards.

"I still have some concerns." (Looks like Baymax is still a bit indecisive. Let's remedy that, shall we?)

"You're just confused. Trust me; I know, after all, it's a human emotion."

Hiro wrapped his arms around Baymax's large waist. The marshmallow robot looked down at his patient/friend, and tilted his head in inquiry.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm giving you a hug. It looked like you needed it." Hiro then proceeded to pat Baymax's head, akin to how *he* did it the first time, and using *his* words, said, "You will be alright. There. There."

If Baymax could smile he would right now.

"Now come on buddy. Let's go home."

"OoooOOookkaaAAyyYy."

"Baymax?"

"LoooOOoow BattteeeeErryyyyy." Baymax drooped a little as he swayed around like a guy on alcohol.

"Not again!" Hiro exclaimed as he slapped his hand onto his face, then proceeded to help Baymax drag his hide home.

MrEgret and Evilhumour

(2.15)

SATURDAY AND THE RABBIT

"Donald, are you saying that your plan to find our tickets to the opera...that took us months to get the money to buy... and that you lost after that freak windstorm...is to visit an ocean that exits *outside of the known universe?"*

"Don't worry about it, Daisy! Everything truly lost turns up there; we'll find it like *that!* Honest!"

"And how do you know that?"

"The Anchor from that universe told me so! You can ask him!"

"...Actually, I kinda want to see this for myself."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Oh boy, oh boy! I'll go tell Mickey and the others!"

"Okay, but if that bomb shows up again, there's going to be trouble."

In the middle of the endless storm, the little steamboat sailed on. Mickey was at the helm, naturally, and was doing his level best to keep the ship on course and right-side up.

"Riku!" he bellowed as a particularly large wave buffeted the ship, nearly sending him sprawling. "Do you still have that invitation?!"

"Yeah; I've got it right here!" Riku yelled back, holding it in his hand. Mysteriously, the invitation was completely dry, despite the pelting rain and crashing waves.

"Well, read it already! Donald and Daisy are running out of coal for the engine, and Minnie and Oswald say the darn thing's not going to last much longer in the storm anyways!"

"Aye-aye, sir!"

Riku wiped some of the rain out of his eyes, and tried to make out the words on the invitation. "I, Arthur Penhaligon, Rightful Heir to the House, invite the bearer of this invitation and his companions to join me and the Duchess Wednesday to a luncheon of seventeen removes, to be held a day from today, House time..."

Just then, the storm abruptly stopped, and the waves settled down to a much more reasonable level. The steamboat and its passengers were in a wholly unfamiliar section of Ocean. Despite only sailing a few miles away from the coast of Florida into the Bermuda Triangle, there was absolutely no sign of land anywhere.

There was sorcery on the air. Mickey could feel it in his bones.

"Well, fellas," Mickey announced, "here we are: the Border Sea! All hands on deck, so we can do a crew check!"

Meanwhile, in the Upper House, a particularly beautiful superior Denizen smirked as she read a report from one of her underlings. "So, the "Loopers" have arrived, have they?" she murmured to herself. "Excellent."

After a few hours of chugging through the endless Border Sea, Oswald saw a red speck in the distance. "Hey, Mickey! There's something ahead! Maybe a buoy!"

"I see it, Oswald! We'll be alongside it in a few minutes!"

Suddenly, a larger speck in the distance appeared, and started to grow in size, until it was no longer just a speck, but obviously another ship. Weirdly, it looked more like an office building that had been made to float, than like any actual ship.

Oswald pulled out a telescope to take a closer look. "Mickey! The other ship's picking up somebody from the buoy!"

Riku suddenly popped his head out of the window of the boiler deck. "That'll be Arthur," he announced. "I'll send him a ping."

There was a single loud chime on the air that reverberated through the Loopers' bones. Through the telescope, Oswald saw that nearly everybody on board the other ship had jerked to attention briefly

before looking around in confusion. "Hey, Riku?" he asked. "Was a ping that loud really necessary?"

Riku frowned in confusion. "What? But I sent out the quietest ping I could manage. That shouldn't have happened at all..."

Suddenly, Mickey heard a faint shouting coming from the other boat. "We're being hailed! Where's my wand..."

He pulled out his wand from the Potterverse, pointed it at his own throat, and murmured, " *Sonorus* ."

When he raised his voice again, it was as if he was speaking through a megaphone. ***"AHOY! THIS IS CAPTAIN MICKEY MOUSE OF THE STEAMBOAT WILLIE! PERMISSION TO COME ABOARD, SIR?"***

It had not been a very good day for Arthur Penhaligon.

First, while he was recovering from his re-broken leg, his entire bed was swept into the Border Sea with him aboard, along with Leaf. He had no idea where he was or where she was, his cast was coming undone, and his bed was sinking.

He was able to grab ahold of the buoy, only for his hand to be stained red, and for those freaky birds to emerge and fly off while calling him a thief. Then, just when he was picked up by the Moth, that weird chime had gone off, and everyone except him had snapped to attention.

He knew of only one sort of being that could be responsible for this, and he was in no shape to take on one of the Morrow Days.

He clutched at the Mariner's Medallion, his only real defense, and thought, *Mariner, I have no idea if you can hear me, but if you can, send help NOW!*

His building state of panic abruptly turned to confusion when a steamboat that looked like it sailed out of a Walt Disney cartoon pulled up alongside the Moth, and the captain announced himself as Mickey Mouse. *What the hell? Is this a trap or something?*

Whether or not it was actually Mickey's voice, it seemed to shock Captain Catapillow. He couldn't' stop mumbling "Um", "Ah", or "Er," before turning to Dr. Scamadros. "Do you believe it to be prudent to let them onboard, Doctor? They may be Raised Rats looking for secrets to steal..."

Dr. Scamadros shook his head, as the tattoos on his face and neck changed from ticking watches to crowns looped around scepters. "Unlikely, Captain. None of the Raised Rats to our knowledge have the talent or the power to create a sorcerous chime of that magnitude. In fact, I believe that only a superior Denizen or similar creature of equivalent authority can do so."

"Oh dear. In that case, we should probably, ah, greet them. Mister Sunscorch, if you could..."

"Aye, sir!" Sunscorch replied, before turning to bark orders at the crew. Arthur started to move to get out of the way, but his busted leg put paid to that idea, and he collapsed on the deck.

Sunscorch pulled Arthur to his feet. "Easy there, lad," he cautioned. "You're no help to us with that bum leg of yours. You lot! Get Arth here down to the ship's doc, and get his leg fixed up!"

As a couple of Denizens supported Arthur and started walking him down below decks, he was able to catch a glimpse of several guy lines pulling the two ships together, and a rope ladder being brought out before the pain shooting through his leg made him black out.

In the confines of her office, Superior Saturday looked at the picture that her sorcerers had provided her of the 'Loopers.', complete with helpful notes and addenda on the sides. "Now, which one to bring to

me?" she asked herself. "Not the female duck; she's barely more temporally significant than an ordinary mortal. I need a more experienced Looper to help me..."

She looked at the picture of the Mouse, briefly considered him, and then dismissed him. The last thing she needed was another rival, and according to the notes, he appeared powerful enough to rival even her glorious personage in strength.

She went through a similar thought process when considering the male duck and the silver-haired boy, but the rabbit caught her eye. "Oh? This one is different."

Yes, from the reports written on the margins, the rabbit was giving off a level of magical energy that was roughly equivalent to one of her sorcerers. Powerful enough to be useful, but not enough to be a threat to her exalted position.

Perfect.

She called the Sixth Key to her hand, and with a few quick flicks of the wrist, conjured a letter. She wrote out an invitation to tea for the rabbit, and him alone, to be held in her chambers forthwith. After folding it up, and sealing it with her personal seal, it was but a mere trifle to send the letter on its way. A regular Denizen would have to pay postage first, but she was Superior Saturday, and such concerns were beneath her.

"Soon," she whispered, "the Incomparable Gardens will be mine, as they should have been all of those years ago..."

Mickey and his friends looked up at the very confused looking men and women, who seemed to be better suited to be in an office then the seas, struggle with how to properly tie together the two ships. A man, the tallest of the bunch and dressed the best outfit out of them looked down at them, and bit his lip with indecision.

Finally, he turned his attention to Riku and spoke, "Um, ah, greetings Captain Mickey Mouse of the Steamboat Willie." He then turned his head to another man, and continued to go "um" as he tried to think of something.

"Wait a moment," Riku said, holding his hand up, "I'm not Mickey, he is."

He pointed to his friend, which caused all the being on the ship to wince, reminding Riku of what Arthur told him of Denizens. He decided to make it a bit easier for his friends. "Grand Keyblade Master Mickey, second to the Master Magician Yen Sid, King of his land, Captain of the Steamboat Willie, and other titles, may I help you up?" he asked. He gave his friend a sly wink, watching the Denizens straighten up and relax at the list of titles that Mickey had.

"Well of course, Riku, but I'd like Minnie and Daisy up first." Mickey smiled and nodded his head as the Denizens started to lower down rope for their group.

As the girls started to climb up the ship, they did not notice a speck flying closer to their group as few ever look up. As Riku climbed aboard the ship, and Oswald started to bring up the rear, the speck turned out to be an envelope that smacked him between the eyes and back down onto the deck of the steamboat.

"Oswald, are you ok?!" Mickey shouted, ready to jump back down.

"Yeah, not the heaviest thing I've ever got hit with," The rabbit grumbled, rubbing his head and looking at the letter. He stared at it; it was soaked with powerful magic and also had his name on it. Out of instinct, he opened it and frowned when there was nothing inside.

It took him a few second to realize the envelope *was* the letter and started to read it.

Greetings Oswald from the Secondary Realm ‡€‡✓·‹‡, often called Disney Kingdom, first in precedence.

I, Superior Saturday, Mistress of the Upper House, Supreme Sorceress of the House, Wielder of the Sixth Key, do hereby invite you for meeting in my glorious chambers for tea concerning the matters of the Loops.

Crumpets will be supplied.

Superior Saturday

Oswald couldn't hold back his laughter. "Hey Mickey, can you believe this? I know you guys warned me how dangerous this Saturday chick could be and how crafty she is, but does she think I would really just go to meet her?"

"Yes I do, for that letter had a transportation spell weaved in it for once you finished reading my message, Oswald," a decidedly *female* voice responded.

Looking upwards, he could see he was no longer on his brother's steamboat but in a beyond fancy tearoom in front of a very beautiful and cross looking woman.

And in her hand was a peacock feather, the Sixth Key.

She then gestured downwards, which Oswald followed with his eyes. With a gulp, he picked up the cup and took a drink. "Huh, tea. Swell."

Superior Saturday and Oswald spent some time sipping tea in silence. While Oswald was loath to admit it, it really *was* rather tasty. He would have to filch some of it for Ortensia later on.

"So, Oswald, why don't we cut to the chase?" Superior Saturday asked, setting her cup and saucer down on the table. "What do you

know about the history of this Loop?"

"Well, there's the basic stuff, obviously," Oswald answered calmly. "You and your cronies tore up the Will to prevent the universe from going kaput, but each of the individual pieces started messing with your minds so that you'll end up carrying it out anyways. Mister Monday picked Arthur Penhaligon, a mortal kid with asthma, to be the Rightful Heir as part of an attempt to exploit a loophole that would have left the Will impossible to fulfill, but through the First Part's meddling, he actually managed to survive. I'm sure you know the rest."

Superior Saturday nodded. "And the future? Does my invasion of the Incomparable Gardens succeed?"

"Nope."

Superior Saturday was momentarily stunned by the flat and matter-of-factly manner in which Oswald replied. Shock quickly turned to rage, and she rose to her feet. "No?! What do you mean, *no?!"*

Oswald was unimpressed. "I mean exactly that. No, you invasion does not succeed. In fact, it fails in the worst possible way."

Superior Saturday loomed over the rabbit, her beautiful features twisted in fury. "Tell me," she hissed. "Tell me how I fail, or I will strike you down here and now!"

"If you insist," Oswald replied. "Basically, the Piper returns after being thrown into Nothing, forms up an army of New Nithlings-essentially mortals with some extra bits wrought from Nothing-and launches *his* invasion around the same time as yours. While you find a way around the Drasil Trees' constant growth and actually get into the Incomparable Gardens, Arthur turns up at the worst possible moment to claim you Key, and your Army gets sacked by the Piper's. You surrender and become his Second in Command, only for him to stab you with a Nothing-poisoned blade when he finds out that you were the one to throw him into Nothing in the first place. A few

minutes after that, Arthur gets the Last Key, Dame Primus merges with the final Part of the Will, and *absolutely everyone dies."*

He took a hearty bite out of a crumpet at the end of his spiel and gulped down some tea. Superior Saturday, not knowing what else to do, slowly sank back into her chair. "That's what happens? The invasion fails and my treachery is rendered moot?"

Oswald sighed. "Yes. In a baseline run, that is what happens. Your envy-driven plans lead to your own destruction, along with everything that you once stood for falling to Nothing. Bitter pill to swallow, isn't it?"

Superior Saturday could only nod. "Is there nothing that can be done to change this?"

Oswald poured himself another cup of tea. "There is one way."

"And what is that?" Superior Saturday asked.

"Let go of your envy, and call the whole thing off."

Superior Saturday was on her feet again instantly, and she was pointing the Sixth Key at Oswald's head like a revolver. "You DARE to mock me?!" she shouted.

"Not in the slightest, Superior Saturday," Oswald answered. "I've been down the road you're going down, and there's nothing there at the end. Nothing you'd want."

"And what makes you think that you can possibly relate to me? Tell me! *Tell me!"* she hissed, leaning down to stare him in the face.

Oswald suddenly grinned. "Perhaps I should *show* you."

Before Superior Saturday could react, Oswald pulled out a strange door-shaped device, and slapped it on her forehead. The door swung open, revealing a glowing vortex, and Oswald began to concentrate. Soon, an astral projection of Oswald formed, and

floated into the vortex. If there was a telepath in the room, they would have heard one thing:

"Saturday's mindscape, here I come!"

The mental representation of Superior Saturday glared at the massive gray cloud, interspersed with earth and roots, which hung tantalizingly out of reach. She was so close to her goal, so close to reclaiming what was rightfully hers, she could taste it. All she needed was one more strong push, and the Incomparable Gardens were hers!

She clenched her fists eagerly, not noticing the faint outlines of vines that were forming all over her body. "Yes...soon I will reclaim what has been denied to me for so long..."

"Oh good!" an unfamiliar voice shouted. "At least we're on the same page!"

She spun around to see one of the many elevator doors surrounding her viewing platform open up, and disgorge a heaping mound of Censor parts. Standing on top of the resulting mess was a cartoonish rabbit dressed up like a classic British explorer, complete with pith helmet, false mustache, and machete. "Dr. Saturday, I presume?" he asked cheekily.

"Who...who are *you,* to enter my innermost sanctum?" she asked disbelievingly.

The rabbit ripped off the outfit, and took a bow. "Oswald the Lucky Rabbit, Psychonaut extraordinary, at your service!"

Saturday's psyche could only stare in disbelief. "What."

Oswald pulled out a set of battered files with a flourish. "You mentioned reclaiming what's been denied to you, right?"

"Yes..."

"Well here you are, then! One set of repressed memories, fresh from the vault!"

Saturday automatically reached out a hand to accept them, but before she could, the outlines of vines on her arms suddenly manifested, and jerked her arms back. "Argh! What is this?!" she shouted while struggling to break free.

Oswald started running forward to help her, when more vines exploded through the floor, coiling and writing around like a bunch of crazy snakes. Saturday's vines quickly coiled around her midsection, pinning her arms to her sides. Tinkling laughter filled the air, as the central mass of vines began to sprout buds, which bloomed into beautiful-looking flowers. The largest flower of the bunch, with a bud wider than Superior Saturday was tall, blossomed to reveal the top half of a noble-looking lady dressed entirely in black. The vines wound together to form one large vine, and bent over so that the lady in the flower could take a closer look at Oswald. "So..." she began. "You're the one who's been meddling in this Denizen's mind, are you?"

"So what if I am?" Oswald answered. "I have a job to do, and I'm not going to let a bunch of stupid vines get in the way!"

The lady laughed again, and Oswald shivered involuntarily at the subtle, ugly undertones of that laugh. "It is no matter. Those vines can be regrown. Now, I believe that you've taken a few troublesome files during your little trip up here."

She extended her hand imperiously. "I'll thank you to hand them over to me for proper disposal."

Oswald pretended to think about for a few seconds. "…Nope."

The lady frowned. "The files. *Now."*

Oswald shook his head, as he put the files back into his subspace pocket. "No, I really think that Saturday needs to see these. Besides, why would I do business with someone who wants me and everyone I love dead, Part Six of the Will?"

The lady sneered at him, and the vines reared up to their full height. "You know who I am, and you still defy me?"

"What can I say? I've never been really big on authority figures. Kinda ironic, considering I am one back home..."

Oswald suddenly jumped to the side, and a vine shot up out of the ground, and slammed down where he was standing mere moments before. "Yes, let's try to catch the trained Psychonaut off-guard with a *sneak attack!"* he said sarcastically. "It's not like he's trained extensively in combat clairvoyance or anything!"

Part Six snarled in frustration, as multiple vines shot through the air, all aimed at Oswald's head and heart. He jumped into the air, narrowly avoiding getting skewered, and landed on one of the more horizontal vines. Using the vines like stepping stones, he bounced up to the top of the vine, where Part Six's main body was, and proceeded to do the unthinkable.

He, a mere mortal, punched one-seventh of the Architect's Will and Testament in the face.

Several vines crashed to the ground as Part Six was sent reeling, partly from the strength of the haymaker, and partly from the sheer audacity of what he had done. Saturday felt the vines binding her loosen, just a bit.

"Oswald!" she yelled. "Whatever you just did, do it again!"

"Gladly."

Oswald ducked as Part Six reared forward to grab him, the entire bud tilting along with the main body. He grabbed onto a petal, swung

himself upwards, and landed on her back. He then proceeded to slam on her head repeatedly, his fists glowing with psi-energy. With every punch that landed, a few more vines dropped to the floor, and Saturday's bindings grew weaker, until at last she was able to break through them on her own. By that point, text was running like blood from Part Six's busted lip, and her face was starting to lose its coherence.

Oswald jumped off of his high perch, and landed more or less gracefully next to Saturday. "Now, how about that? Was that a beatdown, or what?"

Saturday looked past him, and her eyes widened. "I would be more impressed, Oswald, if she was not getting back up again."

She had a point. Part Six had forced herself upright, and she had a dangerous gleam in her eye. "You...DARE!" she screamed. "Insolent worm! You dare oppose the Will of the Architect?"

Oswald's ears drooped a little. "Oh boy."

Part Six threw her hands up into the air, and screamed, "Now, you shall know the fullest extent of my WRATH!"

Suddenly, every single vine throughout Superior Saturday's mental landscape changed into text, and flowed towards Part Six. She started laughing madly, as the text engulfed her, forming a dark cloud of adjectives and adverbs. As the laughter started to get increasingly rougher and scratchier, Oswald pulled out the files, and handed them to Saturday. "Read them, Saturday, from front to back," he instructed. "I'll try to hold off that mental construct for as long as I can, but for the love of Walt, *read them!* It may be the only way either of us will leave here with our minds intact!"

The dark cloud suddenly burst open, revealing that Part Six had transformed herself into a monstrous crow the size of a Boeing jumbo jet. She trailed three magnificent peacock feathers that vaguely reminded Saturday of the Sixth Key, and she had three eyes

in each socket. She screeched horribly as she took to the sky, scattering inky-black feathers everywhere, before suddenly swooping at Oswald, talons bared. Oswald leaped way just in time to avoid being crushed, and was clipped in the shoulder by the resulting flying debris. He gritted his teeth, and began taking potshots at Part Six with psi-blasts.

As the battle between Oswald and Part Six raged on, Saturday ducked behind a pile of debris, and cracked open the files. Inside, there were a series of pictures. "Wait a minute..." she began. "Aren't these...?"

Suddenly, she cried out involuntarily, as a series of images flashed through her mind.

The Architect making her, the first Denizen, from out of Nothing, and placing her in the Upper House to maintain order.

The Architect splitting herself into her female aspect and her male aspect, the Old One.

Saturday looking over the Secondary Realms, with increasing levels of concern, as the Architect and the Old One quarreled.

Saturday reluctantly helping the Architect to seal the Old One away in the lowest depths of the House.

The Seven Trustees, discovering the Will of the Architect years after her disappearance, and tearing it to pieces.

Saturday, tossing the Piper into Nothing after he tried to claim the Incomparable Gardens for his own.

Saturday, looking upon Lord Sunday's Incomparable Gardens, as her piece of the Will whispered words to foment resentment in her mind, as it fell past her in the rain...

All of these images, Saturday dimly realized, were her memories, memories that the Will had stopped her from recalling clearly until now. But, there were another set of images interspersed with the first, images featuring a certain rabbit...

Oswald, being drawn by Walt Disney for Universal Studios.

Oswald, sadly waving goodbye to Walt as the former went to Wasteland and the other left to form his own animation studio.

Oswald, grumbling to himself as he read about how Walt's new creation, Mickey Mouse, was going on to fame and glory.

The Mad Doctor and Oswald, colluding to create animatronic pals similar to Mickey's friends, so that he could pretend to be Mickey.

Oswald, looking on in horror as a monstrous Blot ravaged his home, his people, and his family with the treacherous Mad Doctor's help.

Oswald, brooding alone in a cold dark room, next to the bottle holding the beast that petrified his wife...

All very grim images, similar to Superior Saturday's newly un-repressed memories. But, as Saturday looked on, the images began to change.

Oswald, meeting Mickey for the first time.

Oswald, teaming up with Mickey to save Wasteland from the Blot.

Oswald, hugging Ortensia after bringing her back with Mickey's help.

Oswald and Mickey, shaking hands, acknowledging each other as brothers.

Oswald, coming Awake to the Loops for the first time.

One didn't need to be Supreme Sorceress of the House to make the connection.

Saturday closed the files gently, and looked at the battle again.

Oswald was not in good condition. He was breathing harshly, and there were traces of ink dripping from several wounds all over his body. "Had...enough...you...old...crow?" he gasped, while clutching his side.

Part Six cawed harshly; presumably her way of laughing. "Now you see the folly of standing against the Will of the Architect? She created the totality of existence, of which you are merely an unfortunate by-product. I will re-establish myself in this Denizen's mind, and see to it that the Will is carried out. Have you any last words, mortal?"

Oswald grinned weakly. "Sixteenth-century...Italy...called. They want...their building style...back."

The raven glared at the insolent little mortal. "Then let the Will be done."

The beak came down, and Oswald knew that he wouldn't be able to move out of the way in time, not without opening himself up for a fatal gouge from the talons. He closed his eyes and waited for the beak to smash his skull in, and negate his astral projection with lethal amounts of feedback.

The blow didn't come.

Oswald waited for a few more seconds. The blow still didn't come. He opened his eyes, wholly expecting to be in the next Loop.

Instead, he found himself still in Superior Saturday's mental world, exactly where he was before the blow landed, with one noticeable change.

Specifically, Saturday was standing over him, and blocking Part Six's beak with a glowing blue shield half again as wide as she was tall. The files were nowhere to be found, and instead, she bore the peacock-feather quill of the Sixth Key in her hand.

Oswald smiled as he shakily got to his feet. "Found...something...interesting...in the...files...have we?" he asked as casually as he could manage.

"Oh yes, quite the read," Saturday replied calmly. "We must discuss them at length once you are out of my mind, but first, I have a few edits I need to make."

"Of course. I'll just...get out of...your way...then."

"Much obliged."

Oswald limped over to the elevator where he had come in, and collapsed on a soft-looking section of Censor parts, ready to enjoy the show.

The shield flashed and Part Six reeled back as if she had been hit. "WHAT?! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?!" she screeched.

Saturday flicked the Sixth Key and dismissed the shield easily. "Shut your oversized beak and listen, you pile of spelling errors."

"YOU DARE SPEAK BACK TO THE WILL OF YOUR LORD AND-URK!"

Part Six found herself quite unable to continue with her tirade, as her neck was suddenly ensnared with a great length of rope. Saturday smirked. "That's better. Now, let me explain a few things to you. I am Superior Saturday, the first Denizen ever created by the Architect. I was around when you were first written into existence, which makes me *your* superior as well, by dint of experience. Throughout your tenure in my mind, you have done nothing but addle my wits and lead me astray from my true purpose, which is to maintain the House

and see to it that the Laws are upheld. You do not accept authority, and are a *clear and present danger* to the House and the Laws. Your continued existence is unacceptable, and will no longer be tolerated within the confines of this mind. Now, *get out of my sight, and* ***never return. "***

She punctuated every syllable of her last sentence with a swipe of the Sixth Key, which caused gaping wounds all over Part Six's body, and finished up by writing a single word with the Key: *Erase.*

Part Six let out one despairing, strangled cry, as a single massive Biblophage manifested in front of her and sank its fangs into her neck, causing her to dissolve into a disgusting pile of inky goop on the floor. The Biblophage slurped up the resulting mess, and then quietly dispersed into a cloud of Nothing that blew away on a passing breeze. At the same time, the clouds parted, and the mental Upper House was bathed in the glorious sunshine from the Incomparable Gardens. Oswald felt like applauding.

Mickey looked at Donald who also gulped from the glares that Minnie and Daisy were giving their husbands as they paddled on the Border Sea, with Riku and Suzy laughing up a storm from the adventure they had in the recently departed Duchess Wednesday. Leaf was shaking her head as well. This whole House thing was crazy enough, but the whole multiverse thing was beyond insane, and the fact that her parents were *right* was also scary in its own right.

"So, what happens now Riku?" Arthur asked, placing the third key into his belt, and he started to sink back into the water only to be pushed upwards by some unknown force. "You tell me that I do try to get home, but there is some sort of Nithling preventing me from doing it? I mean, I do understand that you said Leaf manages to get rid of it somehow but I really don't want to put her trouble."

"That won't be a problem Art!" a familiar voice shouted.

Everyone's head snapped to the side where an elevator's doors opened. A Denizen wearing a dove grey morning coat that wield a cane, surrounded by what could only be a full legion of Sorcerous Supernumeraries, stood behind a certain rabbit.

"Oswald, you're all right!" Mickey shouted with joy, seeing his brother back in one piece. He had thought that he would have to wait for the Loop to start over again to see him again, considering it was Saturday that kidnapped him.

"Sure am!" Oswald replied, as he walked towards the dock, with the Mariner finally showing up his own turtle ship with the Steamboat Willie being towed along.

"How are you still alive...and why are Saturday's goons with you?" Mickey asked with some concern, starting to bring out his Keyblade before he felt that ache in his mouth again. He was glad that he hadn't actually summoned his Keyblade yet; if a ping was turned into a fog horn, and if trying to summon a Keyblade was like an overload of pure magic, he was actually scared of what the actual presence of such a thing would do.

"Well, after I helped her clear up some trouble in her noggin, she was mighty grateful." He turned his attention to Arthur and his grin fell way to a simple smile. "She's destroyed your Cocigrue, Arthur. She also stopped all her plans against you, and has nearly all of her people willing and waiting to help repair the damages in the Far Reaches and the Border Sea. Also, she asked me to give you this."

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out an object that caused every Looper's jaw to drop as well as the new Wednesday's Dusk.

"I, Oswald the Rabbit, Steward of the Sixth Key and the Upper House, do hereby grant you, Lord Arthur, Master of the Lower House, Lord of the Far Reaches, Duke of the Border Sea, mastership of the powers and domain per the desire and wishes of her ladyship Saturday."

Arthur blinked and then he shook his head. "I, Lord Arthur, Master of the Lower House, Lord of the Far Reaches, Duke of the Border Sea, do accept the Sixth Key, the Upper House and all the powers that fall beneath it." As Arthur spoke, the quill flew from the rabbit's hand towards Arthur's and surprising everyone, *nothing* physically happened to Arthur.

Blinking, Arthur placed a hand to his head and groaned. He then looked up at the wide grin that Oswald was sporting at everyone's low jaw. "Oswald, did you-"

"Yup!"

"Her ladyship does wish to meet with you, Lord Arthur." Saturday's Noon spoke, clicking his silver tongue. "By your reaction, I would assume you have 'Awoke', correct?"

"Yes-wait, are yo-"

"No, Lord Arthur," the Denizen bowed respectively, "All Superior Denizens, such as us *true* Dawns, Noons, and Dusks, as well as the Morrow's Days, are aware of the fact that time is repeating, but we cannot recall the time repeats. As the situation indicates, Saturday has overcome that limitation due to Lord Oswald's actions. She wishes to meet with you in an open council, well as start to train you in matters of proper House Sorcery, among other things."

Arthur stared at the Denizen for a moment before he answered, "I suppose, if Saturday has really changed, it would be nice to have her as an ally instead of a foe like always." Turning his head to his friends, and with a sad look as the Third Part of the Will had already disappeared on him (no doubt alerting Dame Primus of his 'betrayal') he asked, "Do you guys want to come? I mean, Leaf, you really don't have to get dragged into this mess, not if we can stop it this time."

Leaf shook her head. "If I'm going to be along for these 'Loops' like you said I am, then I want to be kept in the loop in case I really *do* wake up next time."

"You know me Art, I'm always up for sticking it to the old bat." Suzy grinned at him, her promise to behave properly forgotten.

"Likewise, buddy!" Riku shouted as he started to swim over to the dock. "I want to see more of this place, and I want to see if I got something that can give her a run for her money."

"And I am *sure* that I can finally get my papers now, Lord Arthur, now that we both have the Upper House working with us and my fellow colleague aiding me, right Noon?" Dr. Scamandros said with a bit of a hostile look in his face as he glared at Saturday's Noon, his tattoos showing cats and dogs hissing and snarling at each other. Sunscorch shook his head, clearly wishing to remain there at his post as Noon of Wednesday as well as Admiral of Lord's Arthur fleet.

"I suppose that can be arranged." Saturday's Noon responded with clear annoyance on his face and voice.

"Great!" Mickey shouted as his ship came within swimming reach, the Mariner helping the fellow captain up. "Let's get everyone settled and then we'll move on to meeting Saturday." He smiled, lending a hand to help up Minnie when Donald let out a shout of joy.

"Look Daisy, our tickets!" The duck held up the opera tickets to his wife. "I told ya we'd find them here!"

With that, everyone started to laugh as Daisy took a purse that she had lost long ago and started to smack her foolish husband.

2.1: Even if neither of them were Awake, this would still qualify as a "slow Tuesday."

2.2: And oldie but goodie from the MLP Loops.

2.3: The travels of a marshmallow robot.

2.4: It wasn't until it was too late that Vader remembered that he also let Goofy program the flight computer in his TIE Fighter.

2.5: The continued travels of a marshmallow robot.

2.6: The last time he tried Force-choking a robot was during a Fused Loop with the Terminator universe. It ended poorly, for everyone involved.

2.7: What do you know. An opera with a *happy* ending.

2.8: Genius and Caffeine: a winning combination.

2.9: Further wanderings of an automaton with the consistency of a popular spongy sugar candy.

2.10: Pluto would later receive one of his favorite doggy treats, and would play a game of fetch with his master. He considered this to be perfectly adequate compensation.

2.11: When she heard about the story later on, Trixie would rate it a "7 out of 10."

2.12: A boy and his robot, together again.

2.13: They were later awarded several million dollars from the franchise to which the hotel belonged, when they successfully argued in court that the abomination living within the hotel's walls ruled out by definition the possibility of the hotel becoming a death trap as an "act of God."

2.14: Baymax begins to follow in Pinocchio's footsteps.

2.15: Meet interesting people, and help them rip demonic legal documents out of their minds! Join the Psychonauts today!